



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

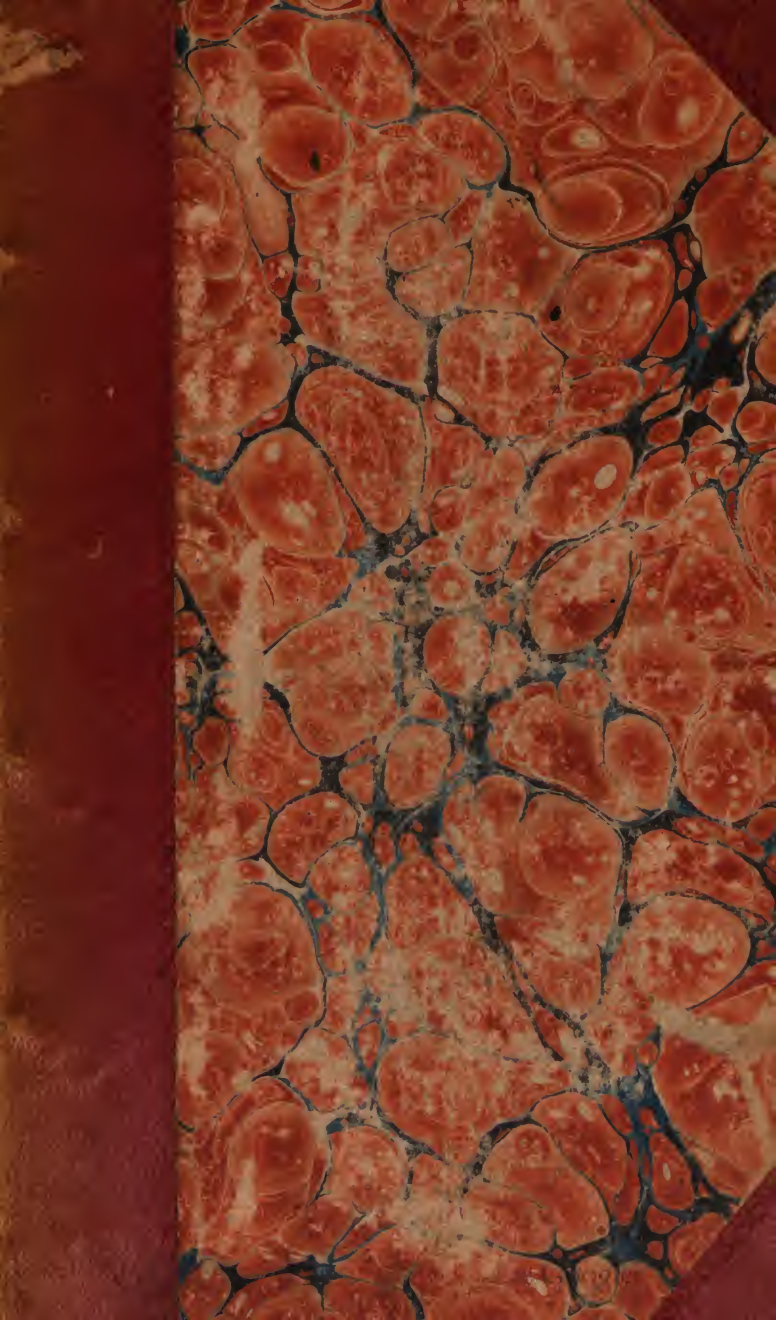
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



28

897.



600011449P

THE
JUVENILE EDITION
OF
SHAKSPEARE;

ADAPTED
TO THE CAPACITIES OF YOUTH

BY
CAROLINE MAXWELL.

AUTHOR OF THE BEAUTIES OF ANCIENT ELOQUENCE;
BEAUTIES OF ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH HISTORY
ABRIDGED; HISTORY OF THE BIBLE,
&c. &c. &c.

London :

PUBLISHED BY C. CHAPPLE, PALL MALL; N. HAILES,
PICCADILLY; WELLS, CAVENDISH STREET,
PORTLAND PLACE; AND C. H. WILLIAMS,
SCHOOL AGENT, DYER'S BUILDINGS,
HOLBORN.

1828

897.

Printed by J. M'Gowan and Son,
88 Windmill Street.

INTRODUCTION.

The beauties of the great poet, Shakspeare, have been for many ages so well known, and so highly appreciated, that any comment on them at this time, is superfluous and unnecessary. But in consequence of the admiration his works ever have, and ever must universally excite, it becomes, apparent, that an early knowledge of this excellent author, is a most desirable acquisition, and that polite education cannot be complete without it. To facilitate, therefore, this species of improvement being attained with ease and pleasure, this work is undertaken : as the perusal of the whole of Shakspeare's dramatic works might be deemed improper for juvenile readers. The design of this, is to relate the story of each drama, in the most simple and easy style, and that, most likely to impress on the youthful mind a perfect recollection of the incidents of each piece ; and to introduce in the course of the narratives, some of the most beautiful passages which each contain, for study or recitation. This plan (which is humbly pre-

sumed) may prove of infinite advantage to the young reader, and may likewise be an agreeable remembrancer to those more mature, as a means of conveying much useful instruction, under the most pleasing garb, and shewing in the strongest light, the superiority of virtue, of honesty, discretion and goodness of heart, over the reverse of those amiable and honourable moral duties : and the eloquence of language, propriety and justness of sentiment, and excellence of advice, in which it is all conveyed, renders the lessons doubly valuable.

Under these considerations this work has been undertaken, and to the discernment of parents, of guardians, and preceptors, it is submitted for the proof. It may also be necessary to state, that any incident, passage, or even word which might be thought exceptionable by the strictest delicacy, is entirely omitted, and on no occasion has the fair purity of the youthful mind been for one moment forgot, in offering, and in selecting these pages for their perusal.

CYMBALINE.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

CYMBALINE king of Britain

LEONATES **POSTHUMUS**

BELARIUS.

JACHIMO

GUIADARIUS

AVIGARIUS.

PRINCESS IMOGEN

PISANIO

BEAUTIES OF SHAKSPEARE.

STORY OF CYMBALINE, KING OF BRITAIN.

Cymbaline the king from whom this play takes its name, according to one of our ancient historians Hollingshed, began his reign in Britain in the nineteenth year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar; and the play commences about the twenty-fourth of Cymbaline's reign, which was the forty-second of Augustus's,—and the sixteenth of the Christian æra. Cymbaline is said to have reigned thirty five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiadarius and Arvigarius, and a daughter named Imogen.

Cymbaline (when this play commences) is possessed of only one child, the lovely princess Imogen, for two sons, which the king had called Guiadarius and Arvigarius, previous to the birth of Imogen, had been most unaccountably stolen from him in their infancy, their nurse had likewise disappeared at the same time. And

though every endeavour had been exerted to discover, by what means they had been conveyed away, which the utmost vigilance could dictate, or the king's wealth and affection to his children prompted him to pursue was alike ineffectual, and unavailing, to restore them to his arms. He was therefore compelled, in grief and despair, to give them up for lost. And though twenty years had now elaps'd, since this dreadful accident had happened ; and little hope could be entertained that they would ever be heard of again ; yet the disconsolate parent never ceased in all that time to deplore, and lament his loss, in thus having his beloved children torn from him in a manner so much worse than death.

The charming princess Imogen alone remained to solace her tender father under his heavy affliction. And she was so amiable, and good, and his love for her so great, that she almost repaid him, for those he had so untimely lost.

And as a farther consolation, he had (about the time this fatal event occurred) taken under his protection the infant orphan, of a noble warrior, named Leonates, whose mother had died at his birth ; owing to the grief she had suffered for the love of her husband—who had previously departed life.—The king therefore adopted the infant son of his highly respected and ; partly in respect to his parents, and

partly to supply the place in his own heart; now left void, by his recent misfortune. The king attached himself to this child, with peculiar affection, named him Leonates Posthumus; the first, in honour to his father, the second name in allusion to the circumstances of his birth, and had this young nobleman educated with the greatest care and attention. The tenderness of the king's conduct towards this favourite; and how deserving of such kindness he proved to be cannot by any language be so powerfully described, as by that of Shakspeare's, as the following speech will testify, (fully descriptive of the generosity of Cymbaline towards his protagee. And the amiable disposition of the youth himself;) in a detail which one gentleman gives to another of the circumstaace.

“ The king, he takes the babe
To his protection : calls him Posthumus
Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber,
Puts him to all the learning, that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took
(As we do air) fast as it were administered, and
In his spring, became a harvest; lived in court
(Which rare it is to do) most praised, most loved;
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
A glass that feasted them: and to the graver
A child that guided dotards.”

The endowments which Posthumus was thus acknowledged to possess, both from education and nature, naturally made him a universal favourite: but even more particularly was he so with the young princess Imogen, now the only heir of Cymbaline. For as they were instructed and grew up together, so strong an attachment was formed between them, that it terminated in a private marriage. But a union of so much consequence could not remain long concealed; and this was still more liable to discovery, from the circumstance of the queen of Cymbaline, and mother-in-law to the princess, having a son by a former marriage, whom she was most ardently desirous, should espouse Imogen; as was also the king her father. The constant refusal of the princess to comply with this proposal, by creating much surprise, at length led to the discovery, and declaration of her marriage with Posthumus.

Nothing could equal the king's anger, on hearing this confession. It was so vehement, and so far beyond the power of being pacified by any argument that could be brought forward in extenuation, that he instantly ordered the perpetual banishment of his adopted son, and declared that the marriage should be annulled, which had been thus contracted without his consent or approbation, with the heiress of his

kingdom. Though the order for the banishment of Posthumus, was positive and severe as possible; yet did he not leave the kingdom, without finding the opportunity of a few moments, to take a most affecting leave of his lovely and beloved wife, their affliction at this enforced separation was most grievous; yet they found consolation in the midst of their distress, by their mutual assurances of true faith and constancy. The princess as the last token of her unchangeable affection, placed upon the finger of Posthumus a ring of immense value, entreating him never to part with it, but to wear it through life for her sake, this promising to do, he at the same time clasped a bracelet round her beautiful arm, making the like request. And she as solemnly protesting to him in return, that no possible event, should ever occasion her to remove it, from where he had placed it. Then perfectly satisfied and confiding on each others troth, with full security, that these last sacred exchanges of faithful remembrance would be kept whilst life remained, with every care which tenderest love could dictate: or till they met again in happier times, they parted with hearts nearly broken with sorrow.

It is necessary here to state, that this stolen interview, had been principally brought about by the Queen (mother-in-law) for she pretended

to pity and condole with the lovers, finding (as she said,) that their marriage precluded all hopes for her son, and promised not only to keep this meeting from the king's knowledge, but also to exert her influence with him, to endeavour to reconcile him to them. But whilst thus promising friendship and forgiveness, she was secretly plotting against them. She hated and sought revenge on Imogen, for refusing the alliance of her son. And Posthumus was an object of jealousy and abhorrence from his personal and acquired advantages over her beloved, (though rejected) son. Imogen was not however deceived by this outward show of affection and favour, she was perfectly sensible of the queen's duplicity, for she says to Posthumus, when left alone.

“Dissembling courtesy; how fine this tyrant,
Can tickle, where she wounds.”

But this deception, was not the only proof of her envy and malice, for not content with making known to the king this last parting between the princess and her husband, (which she herself had caus'd to take place and which she knew would greatly incense him, as he had given orders for the princess to be strictly confined, until the departure of Posthumus.)—But she was also in secret contriving the death of Imo-

gen; if she still continued to reject the hand of her son, (supposing her present marriage to be set aside) and she even meditated the death of the king himself by a slow poison, which would create no suspicion, in hopes by that means to clear the way for her son to mount the throne. As it was in the king's power, (if it was in his inclination) to nominate him his successor; and she trusted to the great power she had over him, to prevail with him, to make this disposition in his favour.

In the mean time, the distressed and disconsolate Posthumus, set out on his melancholy banishment; and chose Rome for the place of his residence, having there an intimate friend, with whom he intended to take up his abode, until he could determine at more leisure on his future plans.—Arrived in that ancient city, he sought out his worthy friend, who received him in the most kind, pleasing and affectionate manner; and upon hearing his unhappy story, and observing how deeply he was affected by it, with the hope of diverting his mind from dwelling too intensely on his troubles, begged Posthumus would permit him to introduce him into the society of some of his friends; whom he would find very agreeable people. Posthumus gladly consented to this obliging offer, and amongst those, with whom he thus became acquainted

was Jachimo, an Italian gentleman of great wit, and most amusing conversation.

It so occurred, that in a discourse which took place, at a party in which these gentlemen were present ; that the virtue and merit, of the ladies of the different parts of Europe, formed the subject of discussion ; and Jachimo took occasion to speak highly (and rather insultingly) of the superior virtue of the Italian ladies over every other country. Yet even of these, doubtingly, as no real faith and sincerity (he said) was to be found in any, where any great temptation was held out, or exciting circumstances occurred.

Posthumus whose thoughts were ever full of the amiable qualities possessed by his beloved Imogen, of her innocence, purity and affection ; and whose confidence in her truth was most enthusiastic, spoke on this theme with great energy, and in such terms of rapture defended the fair fame of his Imogen, and expressed his own firm dependence on her love and constancy : that Jachimo (rather piqued) offered to lay a wager, to prove the contrary of his assertions. This offer, Posthumus most readily agreed to, and the Italian laid a very considerable sum of gold, against the Diamond ring which Posthumus wore (the last gift of Imogen) that if he would write a letter of introduction, which should give him an opportunity of conversing with the princess ;

he felt fully assured he should be enabled to prove her unworthy the high encomiums, which his unbounded affection, had lavished upon her.

Posthumus eagerly (though indignantly) acceded to the proposed terms, though his own friend, tried repeatedly in vain, to interrupt the unpleasant topic, and prevent its termination. But the opponents were too ardent, for any one to oppose their design. Jachimo was instantly furnished with the required introductory letter, in which he represents Jachimo, to Imogen, as a worthy friend whom he particularly recommends to her kind attention. And with this acquisition in his possession ; Jachimo immediately sets sail for Britain.

When safely arrived in the island, he found but little difficulty in getting an introduction to the princess, as Posthumus had instructed him in the private manner in which they had agreed on future communications ; and in what train to proceed in order to deliver his credentials : by which means he soon found a time to present the letter personally to the princess. The delighted Imogen, with joyful countenance received the messenger, who brought her intelligence of the health and tranquillity of her truly dear husband, and most anxiously enquired of him every particular concerning Posthumus. When the insidious Italian in answer to her eager questions

endeavoured with the utmost art, to poison her mind against him, by the most wicked falsehoods, and malicious insinuations, implying his total indifference to her, and his attachments to unworthy objects :—But finding ~~all~~ his accusations of Posthumus for infidelity of no avail ; that whatever he said to his disadvantage had not the slightest effect ; and that no artifice of which he was master, could for a moment cause her to doubt the love, and truth of her husband, or shake her firm reliance on his honour : he suddenly changed the style of his behaviour. And began by earnestly entreating her pardon for the little device he had practised, which he had been induced to do, from his great desire to know whether her love to her lord, equalled his to her. He then confessed that the disgraceful actions, which he had laid to the charge of Leonates, were false and groundless, and repeated that he had only used that artifice to try how far she depended on his troth ; and in corroboration thus continues.

“ O happy Leonates, I may say
The credit that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust. And thy most perfect goodness,

Her assured credit !—Blessed live you long,
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever country

Called his ! And you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest, fit—give me your pardon
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new oe'r.—And he is one,
The truest mannered ; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies, unto him ;
Half all mens hearts are his.—
He sits 'mongst men like a descended God
And hath a mind of honour sets him off
More than a mortal seeming.—Be not angry
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured,
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election, of a sir, so rare,
Which you know cannot 'ere ; the love I bear
him,
Made me to fan you thus ; but the Gods made
you,
Unlike all others, chasteless, pray your pardon."

The noble minded, and generous Imogen forgot her resentment, in the great pleasure she took in hearing this description of her Posthumus, which her heart so warmly acknowledged to be correct. And all the former disagreeable impression she had received of Jachimo's sentiments respecting him at the commencement of their interview, was from this last account of

him entirely removed, and nearly forgotten. And she began to experience a sensation of friendship and regard for one, whose expression in favour of her husband, so exactly coincided with the feelings of her own heart. She therefore assured him of her pardon, and entreated him never again to think of it, as it was entirely banished from her mind.

Jachimo finding her thus restored to the natural urbanity of her temper; and that she offered him her interest in the court to render him any service he might require: he thus continued,

My humble thanks—I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace, but in a small request
But yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imogen upon this eagerly enquires what it may be, which so much interests them all, when Jachimo proceeds by informing her, that Posthumus himself and several other noblemen, conceiving it their duty, had joined together in a partnership to buy a present for the emperor, and that in consequence he had been deputed to be the purchaser, having been accustomed to travel, and acquainted with the value of jewels. That

he had now made the purchase and had it with him, but that from its being very valuable, and he a stranger in the country, he was extremely anxious, for a place of safety for it to be deposited in. But the care would be of short duration, for one night only, as he was compelled to commence his journey to Rome, and should depart early on the morrow morning.—The following are his words on this occasion, which convey a better idea of his treacherous art, than any other could do, for after mentioning the circumstance of the partnership : he adds

“Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord
(The best feather of our wing) have mingled
sums,

To buy a present for the emperor ;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done,
In France. 'Tis plate of rare device ; and
jewels,

Of rich, and exquisite form : their value great,
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage, may it please you,
To take them in protection.

Imogen, extremely desirous of shewing every attention in her power, to the friend of her beloved Leonates, and also to be as careful as possible of so valuable a treasure ; without the

least hesitation, assured him that the box containing treasures of the nature he describes, shall be taken into her own peculiar care, and that the rich and curious presents which his judgment has selected, shall, for the best security she can offer, be placed in her own bedchamber; where being guarded by her own attendants, it must remain in perfect safety, particularly as it was to be but one night under her care.—Jachimo expressed the warmest acknowledgments, for the kind interest the princess took in this business, and the arrangement being made to his entire satisfaction, the wicked, ungrateful Jachimo, concealed himself in the chest, which he gave out contained his valuable collection, which, according to the directions given, was carefully carried and deposited in the princess's own bedchamber.

Having thus far succeeded in his treacherous designs, as soon as the princess was asleep, he came softly out of the chest, and by the light which was burning in the chamber of Imogen, he was enabled to make an inventory of every thing in the room, which might prove that he had been in it. But as a farther confirmation he unclasp'd the bracelet from her arm, as it lay uncovered, the one which Posthumus had given her, at the moment of their separation; and which she had vowed to keep through life, as a

memorial of love and fidelity ;—Jachimo whilst performing this wicked deed, says—

“O Sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her
And be her sense, but as a monument
Thus in a chapel lying.”

Having secured the bracelet, and by this means completed his intention, even beyond his hopes, he again retired into the place of his concealment, happy in the idea of the misery his almost unexpected success would inflict on Posthumus. And early the next morning, as had been settled, the chest was removed, whilst the unhappy Imogen, remained totally unconscious of the dreadful scene which had taken place, but she quickly missed her valued bracelet, and was inconsolable for its loss ; and in the hope of finding it again, caused the strictest search to be made for it, and every possible enquiry set on foot, with reward offered to any who returned it, far beyond its intrinsic value ; but (of course) all those anxious enquiries failed in effect : no tidings could ever be obtained of the lost treasure.

In the mean time the prosperous and unfeeling Jachimo, rejoicing in the success of his villany already accomplished, and of that yet to come, was returning to Rome, with the utmost

expedition, assured he shall win the wager, and likewise render Posthumus wretched, (of whose happiness in having married so virtuous and beautiful a princess, he was extremely jealous.)

When, on his arrival at Rome, he met Posthumus, according to arrangement, and exultingly demanded the forfeited diamond ring, and began to tell him all the particulars of the manner in which he had succeeded in obtaining the wager. But the distracted husband will not believe the story he tells him: but demands the most unequivocal testimony, before he can be induced to doubt for a moment, the faithful affection of his dear Imogen. Jachimo then minutely describes the furniture of the princess's chamber, but that, Posthumus replies, he may have heard mentioned, or by bribery obtained a sight of, and with the warmth of true and confiding affection, vindicates her fame against every aspersion this designing man can say. Till as his last proof of her infidelity he produces the bracelet, which, he so solemnly swears he took from her arm himself, without her making the least resistance, or expressing the slightest reluctance at parting with.—Then the unhappy Posthumus totally overpowered by this dreadful proof, reluctantly gives up the contention, acknowledges that he is now convinced she

is unworthy his regard, and by that conviction having lost the wager, gives him the ring.—And the triumphant Jachimo, is thus far successful in all his deceptive practices.

The wretched Posthumus however, during this, is overpowered by affliction, and his rage against the innocent princess is beyond the bounds of control ; and whilst under its influence, he writes a letter to his faithful servant Pisanio, both ordering, and conjuring him, (if ever he regarded him) to comply instantly with the order he now gave him, which was to kill Imogen, and to send him an handkerchief dipped in her blood, to convince him, that he had performed the cruel deed. And to give him the better opportunity to perform it, he further said, that he should write to the princess by the same conveyance, entreating her to meet him at Milford Haven ; and to let Pisanio attend her there, as she knew she could depend on his faithful care of her on the way.—The letter here mentioned was given the princess, and the delighted Imogen received the intelligence with the most unbounded joy, and she determined to leave her father's court instantly, abandoning all the splendour and luxuries which surrounded her, for the expected hope of her beloved husband's society ; the good Pisanio, however, is overwhelmed with trouble, when he thinks on

the misery and disappointment she is about to encounter, and what her sufferings will be, when he unfolds to her the cruel order of her husband, which he considers may be best evaded by her removal from the court of Cymbaline.

Imogen, all impatience to meet her dear lord, without reluctance leaves all appearance of greatness, and sets out immediately under the guidance of Pisanio on a journey, which at that period, must have been a tremendous undertaking.—In the course of their journey Pisanio, takes an opportunity of giving her to understand, in the least painful manner he can devise, the purport of her husband's letter to him, and the reasons which induced him to accompany her to the place where they were now, to conceal from him (for a time at least) that his cruel request had not been complied with.—

The distress of Imogen on the receipt of this dreadful intelligence, may more easily be conceived than described. After having given vent to her sorrow, by exclamations of astonishment and horror, she finally agreed to the proposal of Pisanio, to assume a male habit; (which he had purposely provided,) and in that dress to seek her future fortune: whilst he undertook to deceive Posthumus, into a certainty of her death, by sending the token of his obedience

which he had required ; a handkerchief dipped in blood. At parting with the princess he gave her a medicine, which had been presented to him by the queen, (mother-in-law) with high encomiums on its restorative powers, and which he firmly believed to be true ; but it was in fact what she supposed slow poison, as she wished by death to remove him, whom she hated for his attachment to Imogen and Posthumus.— But the drug was in reality innocent, though of a lethargic quality, which the physician (who was a good man) had prepared and given into her possession, when she had ordered him to provide her with poison for experiments, but he, suspecting her malicious intention, had only supplied her with what could have no other bad effect, than a suspension of the faculties for a short time, an insensibility resembling death. Such therefore was the medicine which Pisanio, in the utmost kindness gave the princess, in hopes of its being serviceable to her.

Thus was this beautiful and amiable princess, left to wander alone through an intricate forest, without guide, food, or friend ; but confiding on the protection of providence, she pursued her melancholy way, faint, and depressed, till she came to the entrance of a cave, which bore the appearance of being inhabited by human beings, here she stopped ; and after repeatedly calling,

and receiving no answer, she resolutely entered, and finding some coarse refreshment, (of which she stood in great need) she partook of it—and recruited her exhausted strength.

In the mean time, the princess Imogen was missed from her father's palace, and the greatest confusion in consequence prevailed from the effect of her mysterious elopement. But ambassadors arriving at that critical juncture, from Augustus Cæsar, demanding a tribute or in default, threatening war, the attention of Cymbaline was rather diverted from his domestic misfortune, to the more important duties of his high station.—

The Queen appears to have been the principal person in this important business. She haughtily resists the demand of the ambassador (Caius Lucius, who formerly had been on the most friendly terms with Cymbaline,) her speech on this occasion is introduced to show the spirit of the Britons, in that early period, whilst under the government of the Romans.

(QUEEN.)—"Remember sir—my liege—
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your Isle ; which stands
As Neptunes park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters :

With sands, which will not bear your enemies
boats,

But sucks them up to the topmast.—A kind of
conquest

Cæsar made here : but made not here his brag,
Of come and saw, and overcome. With shame,
(The first that ever touched him) he was carried,
From off our coast, twice beaten, and his ship-
ping

(Poor ignorant baubles) on our terrible seas,
Like egg shells moved upon their surges ; cracked
As easily against our rocks.—For joy whereof
The famed Cassibelon, who was once at point
(O gillot fortune) to master Cæsar's sword ;
Made Ludstown, with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage."

Whilst these hostile affairs were transacting, at
her father's court, the wretched Imogen had
unconsciously taken possession of a cave, which
had been selected for many years as the habi-
tation of an old and faithful soldier of rank,
whose name was Belarius, who had long served
his country, with honour and fair reputation ;
but being at last, (without any real cause) sus-
pected of treasonable practices against the state,
and upon that plea, unjustly banished, he very
highly resented the indignity he so wrongfully
experienced, and secretly, determined on a most

ample revenge. To accomplish which, he entered into a confederacy with the nurse of the two young princes, Guidarius, and Arvigarus, and engaged to marry her, if she would privately convey away the infant children of the king, and accompany him in his banishment.—This plan succeeded to his wish, the nurse consented to his proposal, and he had ever since lived concealed in the cave, (which Imogen entered unknowing at the time that it was inhabited,) and had there brought up the young princes, as his own sons, they never having had the least idea of their having any other parents than Belarius, and their nurse—which latter, being dead, Belarius alone knew their origin.

Little did the drooping and afflicted Imogen imagine, when she entered this gloomy cavern, that she should there first behold her long lost brothers; as little did the banished general suspect, that under the disguise of a page, he was entertaining the daughter of his king; when returning from hunting, with his supposed sons, they found the hapless princess in possession of their rude, and nearly comfortless habitation.

The sympathy of natural affection however, appeared to have sprung up at first sight between the princess and her brothers: for the delight which they expressed on their introduction to each other, was far greater than could

have been expected, from the first meeting of perfect strangers, even though the pleasure of a new companion to these young men might have been great. And when it became necessary that they should pursue their hunting—(their only means of support)—they would not permit their young companion to accompany them; thinking that he appeared to require repose and attention to restore him to health and spirits.—

During their absence, Imogen, finding her indisposition rather increase, determined to have recourse to the medicine given her by Pisanio: the effect of which, was so potent, on her delicate frame, that on their return, they thinking her dead, expressed their grief for this sudden catastrophe in the most mournful lamentations. They then carried her out of the cave, and covering her over with the most beautiful flowers they could collect, as decoration for her funeral, there left her till the hour in which they proposed to perform that ceremony.

In the course of this time, the Romans, and Britons, had met in a hostile manner, and it so chanced that Caius Lucius the Roman commander who was stationed near this spot, happened to come where the unfortunate princess was thus lying. Lucius at first supposed her dead, but, on examination, finding the spark of life was not totally extinct, persevered in his endeavours

to restore the suspended animation, and at length perfectly succeeded, when supposing him to be a page, as his apparel denoted, he took the disguised Imogen with him, to attend on his own person. Just at this crisis, a grand engagement between the Britons and Romans took place.—Then it was that the long restrained spirits of the noble young princes, burst into an irresistible flame for martial enterprise. And their guardian, being totally unable by any argument he could devise to curb their inclination, gave way to it, and joining himself with them, determined once again to take part in the quarrel of his country, and in its defence.

Leonates Posthumus who since the fatal circumstance which destroyed his happiness, and his own rash and horrible decision, in the cruel act he had been guilty of in the death of his beloved Imogen, had never ceased suffering from the effect of the reproaches of his own upbraiding conscience. Had continued to wander about from place to place, a stranger to comfort, or repose.

Whilst thus immersed in grief and despair, Cymbaline, who in person headed his army against the Romans—having in the last battle been in great danger, would certainly have been overpowered and taken prisoner, had it not been for the timely assistance of Posthumus,

Belarius, Guiadarius, and Arvigarus,—who seeing the danger which threatened the king united to rescue him from that imminent peril, and by that means, turned the fortune of the day.

The assistance of these apparent peasants, had been of such infinite consequence to Cymbaline, that it enabled him to rally his forces, the scale was turned, victory decided for the Britons, and Lucius now in his turn defeated, became himself a prisoner to Cymbaline.

The king sensible of his obligation to the supposed peasants, so opportunely met with, and being also astonished at their unequalled bravery ; ordered the disguised Belarius, and his sons to attend him to his court, where he gave them to understand that it was his intention to reward their exertions in his cause—even beyond their expectation. But added, that before he resolved in what manner he should best provide for them, he should first examine his prisoners : the principal of whom, was Caius Lucius, the Roman general, attended by his beautiful page. Amongst the prisoners appeared also the abandoned treacherous wretch Jachimo, he was not however in mind more free from the stings of a guilty conscience, than his body was from the bonds, and fetters of a triumphant conqueror ; for it continually loaded his remembrance, with the sins which he had committed.

The princess Imogen, speedily discerned amidst the surrounding multitude, who assembled to behold the noble prisoners, the well remembered form of the base Jachimo, obtaining the king's leave for that purpose, (who had not the least idea of its being his lost daughter,) she so severely questioned him respecting the circumstances which concerned herself, and his own base conduct towards her, that the guilty man could no longer conceal his wickedness, but confessed the whole plot. Posthumus on this comes forward to punish him, but is prevented, and his happiness beyond compare, when he finds his beloved Imogen alive, and thus so clearly, and wonderfully, proved to be good and innocent as she ever was, and every calumny against her thus removed.

At this crisis the banished general Belarius—to the astonishment of all the auditors, declares who he himself is—who under an assumed name, has lived so long in obscurity.—And to add to their wonder, that the two young men, who have passed for his sons, are the two young Princes, the king's sons, who were stolen. The proofs of this assertion he made manifest by producing the dresses, the infants had on when taken away, and by some curious marks which they had been born with.

No words could express the joy which was

experienced by this discovery. And the wicked queen having died suddenly, during the absence of Posthumus, and Imogen; no interruption to their mutual happiness was likely to take place. The king joyfully received Posthumus (whom he ever warmly lov'd) for a son-in-law. And the happy Imogen most gladly resigned her pretensions to the crown, in favour of her recovered dear brothers. The play therefore terminates with all happy, Jachimo having been pardoned and sent away from the dominions.

The moral of this piece is to show that the wicked acts which are suggested by ambition, jealousy, and malice, almost ever recoil on the perpetrators, with shame, sorrow, and disgrace. This is exemplified in Jachimo and the wicked Queen, mother-in-law. And likewise—that a too easy credence (as in the case of Posthumus) to envious, and degrading calumnies, are also, most frequently attended, with many distressing consequences, and dangerous tendencies.

THE STORY
OF TIMON OF ATHENS,
GRECIAN HISTORY.

CHARACTERS IN THIS SELECTION.

TIMON, (Athenian lord)

ALCIBIADES, (Athenian general)

FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.

VENTIDIUS.

APEMANTUS, the Philosopher.

There are many more characters in this play, but unnecessary to be named here.

THE STORY OF TIMON OF ATHENS.

For the taste of the youthful reader, the play of Timon of Athens contains fewer incidents, and is (perhaps) less pleasing, than many other of Shakspeare's dramatic pieces. But as in the course of this work, all must be included, those have been first selected which it was imagined would be the least familiar in the story to the young reader, in consequence of being but seldom performed; novelty ever possessing a peculiar charm.

The moral of this play (which Dr. Johnson styles a domestic tragedy) is most certainly, well worthy attention; as it points out in the most forcible manner, the folly and imprudence of lavish extravagance, and the squandering away of wealth, on unworthy, (or even worthy) objects, without the least attention to real merit, or discrimination to decide, whether this unnecessary profusion of expense tended to promote; a good or bad design. And it is certain, no

man can with truth, be called generous, who is scattering in the wind, that property which cannot be called his own; whilst an industrious tradesman has a demand upon it, or his own immediate descendants claim's upon him are not sufficiently secured, to prevent their suffering for his thoughtless conduct, and the dissipation of that wealth which he never more can reimburse. And Johnson—in confirmation of these sentiments says.—“The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning, against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefit, and buys flattery, but no friendship.”

Neither in reality can those persons be called ungrateful, upon whom such characters have bestowed favours, beyond merit or desert, and actuated therein merely by whim and caprice, and without even any very particular personal regard: if when extravagance has brought such to ruin, the obliged person is unable, or even unwilling, to repay former favours on demand.

When truly amiable persons are selected for objects of liberality, grateful and noble feelings cannot fail to prompt the most anxious solicitude, to return former obligations. And though ingratitude may be but too frequently experienced yet friendship, kindness, and humanity are equally so, when worthy people enter into the

bonds of amity together. - And every day's experience proves, with what alacrity, liberality and humanity, the different ranks of society come forward to succour an honourable man in distress. But to return to the subject now offered for consideration, and amusement. Timon of Athens. This nobleman was one of the richest in Athens, and his bounty was equal to the extent of his territories, which he himself observes. "To Lacedemon did my lands extend." Therefore we may naturally imagine it was a very productive estate, and that his means, were for a length of time equal to the munificence of his heart.

In Shakspeare's delineation of him, we first find him surrounded by different people; artists, poets, jewellers and different trades-people, who are all most anxious to impose upon him by persuasive flattery. The Poet by his work, of which he is the hero and to whom every virtue is ascribed. The Artist by his pictures, which he persuades him are the most rare, unique, and beautiful in the world. The Jeweller with the variety of his jewels, and the exquisite workmanship with which they are executed, and every inferior class equally skilled in praise of what each one wishes to bring forward. Timon, alike affable and generous to all, takes all they offer to him, and rewards every applicant, far

beyond his warmest expectations. In these instances lord Timon's profusion, appears the principal charm in his character, for the deceptions used by the artful people to induce him to patronise them, are too obvious to have escaped the most superficial observation, gross flattery alone having appeared to influence him. But in the next instance where his generosity is called upon, it does honour to his heart; but (I am sorry to add) it is the only commendable or judicious compliance with the impulse of his feeling, throughout the whole play.—Being informed that one of his esteemed friends named Ventidius, was confined in prison for debt; with great nobleness of mind, he determines on his instant liberation, and thus expresses his sentiments.

(TIMON.)—"Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off,
My friend, when he most need me. I do know
him,
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have, I'll pay the debt and free
him.
Commend me to him; I'll send his ransom;
And being enfranchised; bid him come to me:
Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well,

A variety of instances follow in which lord Timon's liberality, is worked upon by every artifice which can be devised to extort money from him, which he continues to part with in that easy unrestrained manner, which could not fail to lay a foundation for ruin, repentance and misery. In this situation of affairs, his steward Flavius, a just and good man—seeing the manner in which his lord was proceeding, and knowing but too well how fatal it would prove to his happiness; becomes most anxious to make his lord sensible of the impropriety of his conduct, and how greatly he is injuring himself, by the profusions of his gifts, and liberalities, But Timon is too deeply attached to his favourite habits, and too confident in the abundance of his possessions, ever to think he can be impoverished by the style of life he is pursuing, and therefore turns a deaf ear to the prudent reasonings of his attached steward, ascribing his anxiety to his zeal for his happiness—from fear of events which never can occur. Secure therefore in his own mind of future, as of present prosperity, he continues the same course, which occasions the worthy Flavius so much uneasiness. A grand banquet next takes place, at the palace of lord Timon, which is attended by all the senators and noblemen of the time. Amongst the rest is Ventidius, the gentleman,

who had been set at liberty by the friendship and liberality of Timon—this one at least appears to have had an honourable principle, as immediately on seeing him, he thus addresses him.

(VENTIDIUS) — “Most honoured Timon,
’t hath pleased the gods, remember
My father’s age, and call him to long peace,
He is gone happy, and has left me rich :
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart. I do return those talents
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose
help,
I derived liberty.”

(TIMON)—“ Oh ! by no means,
Honest Ventidius : you mistake my love :
I gave it ever freely : and there’s none,
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives.
If our betters play that game, we must not dare,
To imitate them, faults that are rich, are fair.”

Nothing could exceed the magnificence of Timon’s banquet, or the encomiums bestowed on it by the surrounding guests. They then express the most flattering sentiments in favour of their hospitable entertainer, and expressing the warmest wishes that he could see their hearts, that he might form some judgment of their love, and

the zeal with which they would serve him, should he ever have occasion for their services.—To which Timon thus replies—

“O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? Why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself—than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne’er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort ’tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another’s fortunes! O joy, e’en made away ’ere it can be born! mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.”

It was thus that the confiding lord spoke—

E

believing firmly in the sincerity of those who professed so much ; but a very short time proved to him how little dependance could be placed on them, and still more strongly pointed out the folly of reducing himself, by thoughtless extravagance, to a state of dependance upon others.

Amongst others assembled at the sumptuous board of lord Timon was, a disagreeable misanthrope, a man continually interrupting the comfort and pleasure of every body about him, his name Apemantus, a kind of person whom they called a Philosopher, but apparently only remarkable for churlishness and ill-humour. It is to be wondered at that Timon should admit, or receive kindly, so unpleasant a guest. But it is presumed it was the fashion of the times for persons effecting, or really feeling the apathy and ill-nature he did, (for such even at their day it must appear to be) to be admitted into all parties : where they certainly must have been very unpleasant companions. The only instance in proof which will be here introduced shall be the grace, which this Apemantus makes use of, when separating himself from the banquet table, and withdrawing (by himself) to a corner of the magnificent apartment—he thus speaks.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;

I pray for no man, but myself :
Grant, I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond ;
Or woman, for her weeping ;
Or dog, that seems a sleeping ;
Or keeper with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen.—And so fall to 't ;
Rich men sin. And I eat root.

Nothing can better exemplify the selfishness and envy of such a character, than his own words, expressing his own sentiments. And certainly nothing, but a prevailing custom, could tolerate Timon's allowing such an annoyance to his visitors, as so satirical and ill-natured an interloper, whose presence could never have had either utility or pleasure arising from it.

Timon still continued to indulge in these expensive amusements, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Flavius to the contrary, until one morning, when he descended into his hall, to his utter consternation, he found it full of creditors, who all, immediately on seeing him, vociferously demanded payment of their accounts. For it having been whispered about, that Timon's riches were on the decline: each one, to whom he was indebted, became more eager than his neighbour, to be the first to wait

on him with his demand, which occasioned them all to meet together at the house of Timon, where each also determined to wait until they saw him, and not to leave him until the demand was settled.

Timon in this perplexing dilemma, finding himself thus beset with solicitations; and with accounts of which he had never formed an idea that he had contracted, from his excessive carelessness of every thing which regarded pecuniary concerns; sent for Flavius, his steward, and desires he will instantly satisfy each one of his creditors, as he cannot bear to think of being so much in debt. Flavius with sorrow answers him, by an assurance, that there is nothing left which can serve that purpose. Timon, on this intelligence, is very angry with Flavius, for keeping him in ignorance of his poverty, and thus speaks to him.

(TIMON)—You make me marvel: Wherefore,
'ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?

(FLAVIUS) You would not hear me,
At many leasures I proposed.

(TIMON) Go to;
Perchance, some single 'vantages you took,

When my indisposition put you back ;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

(FLAVIUS) O my good lord !
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you ; you would throw them
off,

And say, you found them in mine honesty.—
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and
wept ;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, prayed,
you

To hold your hand more close : I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks ; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear lov'd
lord,

Tho' you hear now, (too late !) yet now's a time,
The greatest of your havings lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Timon then desires that all his extensive possessions may be sold, to answer the pressing demands upon him, his steward informs him they are already all gone or mortgaged, and continues—

“ O my good lord, the world is but a word ;

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone."

Timon now fully understanding the real extent of his misfortunes, bears it with great fortitude, begs of Flavius to be comforted, and to cheer up his spirits in the recollection of his numerous friends, whom he feels certain will rejoice in an opportunity to render him a service. Reminds him that in the list of his friends—are all the senators, and the most powerful noblemen, each one of whom, had occasionally received favours and assistance from him. And he had not the slightest doubt, that the moment his situation was made known to them, each one would be most solicitous to come forward with ample supplies for his immediate necessities.

Flavius more experienced in human nature, and with an opinion very different of these noblemen to what Timon entertained, yet offers no objection to the proposed trial of their friendship, suggested by his lord, and an immediate application is first to be made to the senators. And Timon exultingly says to his steward,

"Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep?—Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? secure thy heart ;

If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak."

"And, in some sort, these wants of mine are
crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how
you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my
friends."

The expedient, put in practice, terminates as Flavius had anticipated—every application has been unattended with success; which, as it is related to Timon, strikes him with the utmost amazement, and scarcely can he give credit to the recital. And when he repeatedly asks, if it is really true? and if it can be possible? Flavius replies.

"They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are hono-
rable,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
but

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature

May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis
pity—

And so intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half caps, and cold moving nods,
'They froze me into silence."

Timon is greatly distressed by this description of his steward's, but quickly conquering the disappointment he says—

"I pr'ythee man, look cheerly : These old fel-
lows

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;
And nature as it grows again towards earth,
Is fashioned for the journey, dull and heavy."

He then dispatches his attendants, in different direction, amongst all the noblemen and others to whom he had been so kind a friend. But alas ! with no better luck are these solicitations made than the former to the senators, each one in succession find some plausible excuse for declining to comply with his request ; or to take the least part, in the mitigation of his distress : or even to endeavour to console him, under the

pressure of his misfortunes, by the comfort of sympathizing society.

Timon now perfectly convinced of the unworthiness of those people, whom he had so abundantly loaded with gifts and favours of every description, loses all bounds of discretion in the fury he falls into ; and in the vehemence of the passion, by which he is agitated, utters expressions which can in no other way be excused, than by supposing, that the effect of the ingratitude of those on whom he so much depended, added to the deprivation of that fortune (which he appeared to think inexhaustible) had turned his brain. An opinion, indeed, which the whole of his future conduct seems to justify ; neither could his former proceedings, at any time, be said to give proof of a sane mind.

But a revenge on those, who he feels have so basely deserted him, he fully resolves on, to effect which, he tells his faithful steward that he intends to invite these worthless people, to one more entertainment ; Flavius is greatly astonished at this intelligence, and vainly strives to divert him from this extravagant and ridiculous design, by representing to him that the means are not left to furnish even one more feast. In answer to these remonstrances, Timon assures him of his fixed determination, for them all to meet once more at his palace, and begs

him not to make himself uneasy respecting the provision for the entertainment, as himself and his cook, will manage all the necessary preparations, without any other assistant. And all that he requires, of him, is to send out the invitation to all his former friends, and companions, without delay. This order being instantly complied with : caused the utmost astonishment, to each one of those cold hearted friends, when the intimation was received, of the proposed banquet at lord Timon's, and the invitation to attend it. The senators and nobles, ponder upon the circumstance, begin to fear it was only a trick, intended to try the sincerity of their professions of gratitude and friendship, and each feel sorry and ashamed, for the manner in which he has behaved ; not a repentance though occasioned by feelings of sorrow for a friend's distresses, but of anxiety on his own account, fearful it may restrain the bountiful hand of Timon in future favours, but they comfort themselves, when they consider the goodness of his heart and the kindness of his temper, and each flatters himself, that he shall be able to frame a satisfactory excuse for his unfeeling answer, to the earnest entreaty of his suffering friend, supposing him to have been situated as he represented : but assured now that it was a deception practised, each thought to recover his good opi-

nion by the reasons given for their noncompliance.

When the important day arrived, each guest was received by lord Timon with his accustomed ease and hospitality ; and no allusion whatever made, either on the circumstance which had taken place, or reproach for their denials, escaped the lips of their host. But a conscious feeling of their own folly, in neglecting to have obliged him when so fair an opportunity had occurred ; and, for which they naturally imagined ten fold would have been returned, led them, themselves, to express their regret and sorrow, at their inability at the moment of application, to comply with requests which would have made them so happy to do. And to finish these apologies, with the most servile compliments and offers of future service.

Timon, said he was perfectly satisfied as to their intentions, and begged they would never more think on the affair with the least concern, but drop the subject entirely—and attend him to the banquet, where (he says) to prevent delay, each man will find his own covered dish, assuring them, that as he regarded them equally, so he had determined that all should fare alike, and that every dish contained the same provision. He entreated only that they would forbear uncovering, adding—“The gods first require

our thanks," (and then to their amazement continued the unexpected grace which follows.)

"You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to the other: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let them be a dozen—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O Gods, the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. As they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome. Uncover, dogs, and lap."

Each one then uncovering the dish, placed before him, finds it full of hot water only, and without allowing time for any expression of surprise on their part, Timon begins to reproach them in the most violent manner, for their ingratitude to him, for their general unworthiness, and in short for every bad quality which human nature could be degraded by, and finally drives them all out of his house, sprinkling them all

the time with the boiling water without the least attention or regard, to any thing they could say in extenuation of the fault they had committed.

The naturally irritable temper and violent passions of his mind, being thus called into action, appear to have no bounds, and several acts of unjust violence he uses against those who come to demand what he is indebted to them. At length, his high spirit completely disgusted, and unable to support his altered fortune, he resolves to retire from all human society. (A proof this, of the want of proper fortitude, and reflexion of mind, for the one would have enabled him to bear—and the other to acknowledge, that, whatever he now suffered originated in his own imprudence and folly.)

In pursuance of this determination he leaves Athens, and retires to a solitary cave, in the midst of a deep wood, in the vicinity of the city. In this uncomfortable situation he takes up his residence, and, to dig and cultivate the earth about this cave, he intends both for his employment and support: here he rails in the bitterest manner against the world, and mankind in general, and becomes that complete misanthrope, that well disposed and kindly natures, can scarcely be persuaded to believe could ever exist.

Whilst employed one day in his new profes-

sion of digging the earth, and endeavouring to render it fit to produce what was necessary for his subsistence: he found buried deep in the earth an immense treasure. Which instead of doing any good with, or employing for the reimbursement of his confiding creditors, which an honest and good principle would have pointed out, (for it is to be considered that no one had any claim, on this long buried treasure, but the finder) he flung it about to people he most hated: who having heard of his strange habitation, and manner of living, had sought him out from curiosity. What then must have been their surprise, when discovering the wretched cave that sheltered him, and where the most abject poverty was expected, to find him in possession of such abundance of gold, which he throws at his visitors, moralizing at the same time both on them, and the gold, and the wickedness of which it is the foundation: but the moral is but little attended to, whilst so much more attractive metal is to be obtained.

The fame of these extraordinary transactions brought many to visit the scene, where they were performed, to witness and partake of the advantage; together with the severe animadversions which ever accompanied the gold he gave, but the sting of his satire was unfelt, where a

balm so effectual to heal all wounds was so bountifully applied.

To behold the great lord Timon, in his cave, Apemantus, the old churlish philosopher pays him a visit. Both visit, and visitor serve only to irritate more the disposition of Timon, and certainly the conversation of two misanthropes, men who so much mistook the benevolent feelings of human nature, and the wisdom of a superintending providence, can have but very little in it pleasing, yet, the following speech of Timon's, in answer to one of Apemantus's, in which he says, "that if the world were his he would give it to beasts to be rid of men," will be found amusing. Timon says—would'st thou have thyself fall in confusion of men, and remain a beast, with the beasts.

(APEMANTUS.) Ay Timon—

A beastly ambition, which the Gods grant thee to attain to: if thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee; and still thou livest but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for

thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine ownself the conquest of thy fury:* wert thou a bear thou wouldst be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by a leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion; and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? And what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

Amongst others who came to Timon, allured by hearing of his treasures, were a set of banditti, it does not appear as though they came to rob him, but to share his liberality as others had done. Timon daily more disgusted with mankind, more particularly from finding the avidity with which each one came, in quest of his treasure, was thus expressing his thoughts just before the entrance of the robbers, in hopes of his bestowing some of it upon them.

* The account given of the Unicorn, from Gesner's Hist. Animal, is this, that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn he betakes himself to a tree, the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at the lion sticks his horn fast in the tree, on which the lion comes forward, falls upon him, and kills him.

" I am sick of this false world ; and will love
nought

But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then Timon, presently prepare thy grave ;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy gravestone daily : make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking at the gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and sire ! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed ! Thou valiant mars !

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate

wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap ! Thou visible God

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And makest them kiss ! that speak'st with every

tongue,

To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts !"

When the banditti approach, they do not conceal their profession from Timon, neither is he in the least alarm'd by their approach, he gives them much good advice as well as gold, and in reasoning with them, and pointing out to them the bountiful provision nature provides for the wants of man, they reply that they cannot live on grass, or berries and water, as beasts, birds and fishes do, when he answers—

“Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and
fishes ;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves professed : that you work
not

In holier shapes : for there is boundless theft
In limited professions—Rascal thieves,
Here’s gold : Go suck the subtle blood of the
grape,

Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so ’scape hanging : trust not the physician ;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob :” &c. &c.

I’ll example you with thievery
The sun’s a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea : the moon’s an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun :
The sea’s a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears : The earth’s a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general refuse ;—Each thing’s a thief ;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
power
Have unchecked theft.—There’s more gold
&c. &c.

This method pursued by the self banished
lord Timon, could not fail of convincing every

one that he was completely mad. And none can read Shakspeare and be of a different opinion I should suppose, for every action of his bespeaks a deranged intellect. At last one of the soldiers of Alcibiades, the famous Athenian general, immortalized in Plutarch's lives, and, by the memorable actions there recorded, who was also an intimate and it appears a sincere friend of Timon's, but having had a quarrel with the senators was absent at the time of Timon's final breaking up, yet had since paid him a visit of condolence, and like others had met but with an ungracious reception; by chance came by the cave of Timon, and being extremely solitious to see so extraordinary a person, entered his equally remarkable dwelling. He was greatly surprised on finding no person in it, but on further search, he observed a tomb erected, and observed an inscription on it. The silence of all around, led him naturally to suppose the object of his search was no longer an inhabitant of this world, and greatly did he deplore the want of ability to decipher the inscription on the tomb stone, but soon conceived a happy experiment to convey it to his general, whom with truth he describes, as one of the first scholars of the age he lived in. This soldier had a piece of soft wax, with which he took off the impression of the inscription,

which he presented to Alcibiades, who very readily made out the following epitaph.

Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul
bereft :

Seek not my name, a plague consume you wicked
caitiffs left !

Here lie I Timon ; who alive, all living men did
hate :

Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay
not here thy gait.

Alcibiades, (being now reconciled to the Athenians, his countrymen, in consequence of their promise to make all the atonement in their power to him, for an affront he had formerly received,) read the inscription with real sorrow, for he had highly regarded Timon, and grieved that he had left the world in a manner so little consistent with his former greatness, which he thus deplores.

“ These well express in thee, thy latter spirits :
Tho’ thou abhorr’dst in us our human grief,
Scorn’dst our brains flow, and those our droplets,
which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for
aye

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon ; Of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with the sword :
Make war—breed peace ; make peace stint war ;
 make each
Prescribe to other, as each others leech.
Let our drums strike.

Thus concludes the tragedy of Timon of Athens.

THE STORY
OF
THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.
ENGLISH HISTORY.

CHARACTERS.

CARDINAL WOLSEY ,

EARL OF BEDFORD

SIR CHRISTOPHER HALES

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester

THOMAS LORD CROMWELL

FRISHABILL, a Florentine merchant

BANNISTER

BAGOT

HODGE, servant to lord Cromwell

MRS. BANNISTER

There are many more characters in the play, but as they are not introduced into this abstract, the names are not mentioned.

INTRODUCTION.



It is necessary to state for the information of the juvenile reader, that there are six plays bearing the name of Shakspeare, and that appeared during his life time; that from their inferiority to the other works of his, it is imagined that he is not the author of. The names of these plays are as follows, *Locrine*,—*sir John Oldcastle*—*Lord Cromwell*. The *London Prodigal*—the *Puritan*, and the *Yorkshire Tragedy*. A writer on this subject (of the name of Schlegel) has said—"That the three last of these plays, are not only unquestionably Shakspeare's, but in my opinion deserve to be classed amongst the best, and maturest of his works." *Locrine* is the most doubtful, being inconsistent, bombastic, and unlike the just representations of nature, which this great author's pieces usually exhibit.

Yet it cannot fail to be a matter of surprise, that as there were not many dramatic writers of eminence in (or about) the time of Shakspeare, with whose names we are unacquainted, that any person could be found capable of writing plays sufficiently good, as to so far mislead the judg-

ment, as to cause them to be attributed to Shakspeare, (in his own time, and down to this period, by many) and that should have been content for his name to be unknown to posterity, and all his labour lost in doubt and oblivion, as the author of these drama's (if not Shakspeare) name is now, and always must remain.

Many persons however, who have made the beauties of this poet a peculiar study, have said, that they should not think their collection complete, without these, disputed (or rather rejected) plays being amongst the number.—On this account, as they contain many beauties, and as the tragedies are historical, and so far corresponding with Shakspeare's acknowledged works, as to be strictly correct in truth, to the facts they commemorate, they are here introduced, as they cannot be judged either improper, or even unnecessary, in the acquirement of taste and knowledge.

Titus Andronicus has likewise by many commentators on Shakspeare, been condemned, as not written by him: though never omitted in any edition of his works; tho', as far from the simplicity, and truth of Shakspeare as Locrine.

THE
LIFE AND DEATH,
OF
THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

The unhappy fate which attended on Thomas Lord Cromwell, (who is the subject of the following story) cannot fail of being familiar to the memory of those of my young readers, to whom the history of England has been a study. But as many may peruse this, to whom that source of improvement and pleasure is yet unknown, it may be necessary to state, that lord Cromwell (was in reality) the son of a blacksmith and farrier residing at Putney. His parents were however worthy and respectable people, and for their rank in life wealthy. Who having but this one son, determined to give him the best education that money could bestow; and for that purpose sent him to college, there to procure all the advantages he was capable of receiving. Justly conceiving that the endowments thus acquired, would be far more valuable to him than the little fortune in their power to

leave him : and however large that fortune, riches in the possession of an ignorant and uninformed person, only serves to render him more conspicuously ridiculous, and to make the person so situated feel his deficiency in the most painful manner, and regret the want of the cultivation of his mind, arising from the advantages of early and good instruction. The parents of Lord Cromwell had well considered this, tho' they could have formed no idea of the future greatness which awaited him, yet they spared no expense for his improvement : and his acquirements were equal to their fondest hopes. But the consequence of this was, that he was by this mode of treatment rendered unfit for business of a mechanical nature, and much less for his father's (a blacksmith) than any."

Young Cromwell felt this most powerfully, and dreaded beyond any thing the disgrace and contempt incurred by being supposed proud, and above the business of his father. He therefore determined to travel, to prevent any such remark, and to support himself by the attainments his parents affectionate care, and his own application had furnished him with. Scarcely had he made this resolution known to his friends, before an offer was made him of an appointment to be secretary to the merchants at Antwerp. A proposal which Cromwell joyfully ac-

cepted, and at that moment felt a degree of inspiration come over his mind, which whispered a prediction, (he most certainly believed would be accomplished) that in time, he should become a great man, which idea he encouraged by the following soliloquy.

“ Why should my birth, keep down my mounting spirit ?

Are not all creatures, subject unto time ?

To time—who doth abuse the world,

And fills it full of hodge podge progeny ;

There’s legions now of beggars on the earth,

That their original, did spring from kings ;

And many a monarch now, whose father’s were

The riff-raff of their age ; for time and fortune,

Wear out a noble train to beggary ;

And from the dunghill minions do advance

To state. And mark in this admiring world

This is but course, which in the name of fate

Is seen as often, as it whirls about

The river Thames that by our door doth pass :

His first beginning, is but small and shallow,

Yet keeping on its course, grows to a sea.

And likewise Wolsey, the wonder of our age,

His birth as mean as mine, a butcher’s son ;

Now who within this land, a greater man ?

Then Cromwell, cheer thee up. and tell thy
soul,

That thou may'st live to flourish and control."

Thus buoyed up by hope, and resolved in every point strictly to do his duty, and support the character of an honest and upright man, he entered without any delay into the employment of the merchants of Antwerp; and in the department of their secretary, acquitted himself so entirely to their satisfaction, that the whole company were filled with grief and disappointment, when he communicated to them his intention of resigning his situation; for the purpose of travelling thro' the different countries of Europe, from the anxious desire he entertained for improvement, by the acquirement of languages, and by observations on the different manners and customs of different kingdoms. Reluctantly they consented to this, but before he quitted Antwerp, he had it in his power to render a signal service to a worthy merchant, and his family; to a man of the most unblemished reputation, who, by unavoidable losses and misfortunes, had fallen into decay. And in the utmost despair, the wife of this unhappy man, made an application to Cromwell to screen and preserve them from the persecution of a merciless and cruel creditor, who threatened them with total destruction.

He comforted the unhappy wife with an as-

surance of his best endeavours to assist her, by exerting all his eloquence to persuade their persecutor to relax in his severe measures against this unfortunate, (tho' deserving) family. And in the mean time assisted their necessities with such a sum, as his own slender means permitted: for which the grateful woman returned her most fervent thanks: when he answered her, as she retired, and left him at last alone.

“Thanks courteous woman, for thy hearty prayers.

It grieves my soul, to see her misery ;
But we that live under the work of fate
May hope the best.—Yet know not to what
state,

Our stars, and destinies have us assigned ;
Fickle is fortune, and her face is blind.”

The nature of the creditor (whose name was Bagot) with whom Cromwell had undertaken to intercede, may easily be judged from part of a soliloquy on his first arrival in Antwerp, where he had come, both in pursuit of the poor merchant (Bannister) and also to dispose of some jewels of immense value which had been stolen from the king's treasury ; and, which he had purchas'd knowing them to be such, which prov'd to be (in course of time) the cause of his

own punishment and death. Speaking of the merchant, he says—

“ So all goes well, it is, as I would have it.
Bannister, he is with the governor :
And shortly shall have gyves upon his heels
It glads my heart to think upon the slave :
I hope to have his body in a prison ;
And after here his wife to hang herself :
And all his children die for want of food.” &c.

When Cromwell and this Bagot met, the former according to his promise, (for they had business to transact together independent of Bannister's) spoke in behalf of the distressed merchant, but finding his persecutor unmoved he thus continued :

“ It is reported, you've a flinty heart.
A mind, that will not stoop to any pity.
An eye, that knows not how to shed a tear.
A hand that's always open for reward.—
But, master Bagot, would you be ruled by me,
You should turn all these to the contrary ;
Your heart, should still have feeling of remorse :
Your mind, according to your state, be liberal
To those that stand in need ; and in distress,
Your hand, to keep them that do stand in want :

Rather than with your poise to keep them
down :

For every ill turn, show yourself more kind ;
Thus should I do—pardon, I speak my mind.”

Bagot treated this appeal to his feelings with the greatest contempt : but commended Cromwell for making it, at the same time giving him to understand that he was certain he had been paid for it : otherwise he would not have given himself the trouble to have done so, adding—

“ But yet I do commend your wit in this :
To make a show of what I hope you are not ;
But I commend you, and it is well done :
This is the only way to bring you gain.”

Cromwell was extremely offended by the insinuations of Bagot, and thus answered him :

“ My gain ! I had rather chain me to an oar,
And like a slave there toil out all my life,
Before I'd live so base a slave as thou.
I, like an hypocrite to make a shew
Of seeming virtue ; and a devil within ?
No Bagot, if thy conscience were as clear,
Poor Bannister had ne'er been troubled here.”

Bagot apologized by replying :—

“Nay, good master Cromwell, be not angry
sir ;

I know full well, that you are no such man,
But, if your consience were as white as snow,
It will be thought that you are otherwise.”

Cromwell was so much hurt by these observations of Bagot's, that it determined him more strongly than ever to travel : as he was completely disgusted with this bad man, and finding that all he could say failed in reality to have any effect on his hard heart : though he did at last extort a promise from him not to proceed further against Bannister. But Cromwell not trusting much to this promise, from his own means, did whatever he could to befriend him, and that proved sufficient, to enable him to put himself again into some line of business, and the smiles of fortune beamed upon his efforts. The merchant finally recovered his original prosperity, and most justly and honourably discharged all former claims and demands upon him.

Soon after that Cromwell had made these arrangements for the service of the merchant ; and whilst preparing for his departure, to his infinite surprise, Hodge the faithfully attached servant of Cromwell's father came to him at Antwerp. This worthy creature, anxious to join and pursue

the fortunes of his beloved young master, left his residence at Putney, and without giving the least intimation to any one, of his intentions, came to search for Cromwell (for he scarcely knew where to find him) and to offer his services to attend him on his travels. But poor Hodge, unaccustomed to sea voyages or much travelling, thus describes the circumstances which happened to him by the way.

“Your son Thomas, quoth you, I have been Thomast; I had thought it had been no such mighty matter to agone by water; for at Putney I’ll go you to Parish garden for two pence: sit as still as may be, without any wagging, or jolting in my stomach, and in a little boat too. Here, we were scarce four miles in the great green water, but I, thinking to go to my afternoon lunchines as t’was my manner at home, when I found a kind of rising in my inside; at last one of the sailors spying of me, be a good cheer says he, set down thy victuals, and up with it: thou hast nothing but a salt eel in thy stomach. Well to it—went I—to my victuals went the sailors: and thinking me to be a man of better experience than any in the ship, asked me what wood the ship was made of? They all swore, I told them as right as if I had been acquainted with the carpenter who made it. At last we

grew near land, and I grew precious hungry, went to my bag, but deuce a bit there was, the sailors had tickled me ; yet I cannot blame them, it was a part of kindness: for I, in kindness, told them what wood the ship was made of, and they in kindness eat up my victuals, as indeed, one good turn asketh another ; well would I could find my master Thomas in this Dutch town, he might put some English beer into my stomach."

Hodge had but just finished this account of the disasters of his voyage, when by singular good luck he met his young master unexpectedly : their mutual joy on this occasion was very great. But Cromwell soon gave Hodge to understand, that, he intended to travel into Italy, and asked him if he would like to accompany him there, to which he warmly replied :

" Will I bear thee company Tom ?—What tell'st me of Italy ? were it to the furthest part of Flanders I would go with thee Tom ; I am thine in all weal and woe, I am thine own to command." &c. &c.

These being the sentiments of the faithful Hodge, Cromwell most joyfully accepted his services. The principal reason for Cromwell's

wishing to take this journey was, that, having heard Russel Earl of Bedford was in Bononia, whither he had been trepaned by the king of France, was there confined prisoner, and in danger of loosing his life; Cromwell resolved to undertake this arduous task, of endeavouring to restore him to liberty and to his country. But he, and his trusty servant, had travelled but a very little way, with this patriotic intention, before they were beset by a banditti who plundered them of every thing which they possessed. Poor Hodge bore this misfortune with far less philosophy than his master, he pitifully deplored it.

“Call ye this seeing fashions? (said Hodge) marry would I had staid at Putney still. Fortune; a plague of this fortune, it makes me go wet shod, the rogues would not leave me a shoe to my feet; for my hose they scorned them with their heels: but for my doublet and hat: O lord, they embraced me, and unlaced me, and took my clothes, and so disgraced me.”

He then enquired of his master what he called the fellows that robbed them? And being informed the banditti he answered,

“The banditti do you call them? I know

H

not what they call them here, but I am sure we call them plain thieves in England. O master Thomas have I not told you of this? Have I not many times, and often said, Tom, or master Thomas, learn to make a horse shoe, it will be your own another day, but this was not regarded. By my troth: I must even fall to my old trade again, to the hammer and the horses heels: but now the worst is, that, I am not acquainted with the humour of the horses in this country; whether they are not coltish, and given to much kicking or no, for when I have one leg in my hand, if he should up and lay t'other on my head, I were gone, there lay I—there lay Hodge.”

Having thus for some time, in this most pathetic manner deplored their forlorn condition, attributing the misfortune solely to his master's passion for learning, instead of minding his business and staying quietly at Putney: Cromwell at last entreated him to be comforted, and informed him it was more than probable that they might yet be reimbursed, as it was the custom in this country, when travellers had been plundered as they had been, and left almost without a covering, to put up a placard stating the exact amount of their losses; and craving assistance from passers by. And to this method he pro-

posed to have recourse, having no other expedient to adopt, to enable them to supply their losses, or continue their journey.

Hodge was most wonderfully delighted with the proposition, and the prospect it held out of their wants being supplied by this means; and willingly consented to do whatever was in his power to expedite the experiment. The plan thus adopted for relief, was attended with success far beyond their expectations; for a Florentine merchant, of the name of Friskabill, a man of great wealth and generosity; and likewise particularly fond of the English (of which country the placard stated the sufferers to be) so bountifully relieved their necessities, and contributed to additional comforts, that farther assistance from any one was not required; and they were immediately ready to proceed on their journey to Bononia. Cromwell having communicated to the noble minded merchant the real cause which induced him to undertake it. They then parted, the merchant¹ wishing Cromwell every success; and he, and Hodge almost overwhelming Friskabill with grateful acknowledgements for his liberality towards them. After his departure Cromwell asked Hodge what he now thought of their adventure, to which he gaily replied.

“How say you ! I tell you what master Thomas,
If all men be of this gentleman’s mind,
Let’s keep our standings upon this bridge,
We shall get more with begging in one day :
Than I shall with making horse shoes in a whole
year.”

When arrived at Bononia, where the noble Earl of Bedford was confined : Cromwell disguised himself as a Neapolitan, and by a well concerted stratagem contrived to get introduced to the Earl ; who not having the least idea of a friend’s visit, was for some time refractory to the receiving him, and unwilling to grant his attention to a stranger, or permit his entrance into his presence. For having reason to suspect him as being an agent from France, to take him, he thus expressed his determination not to go, or to submit to any one.

“Am I betrayed ? Was Bedford born to die
By such base slaves ; in such a place as this ?
Have I escaped so many times in France,
So many battles have I overpassed,
And made the French stir, when they heard my
name.
And am I now betrayed unto my death ?
Some of their heart’s blood, first shall pay for
it.”

Being told that the party only requested to speak to him, he continued :

“The traitors do desire to have my blood :
But by my birth, my honour, and my name,
By all my hopes my life shall cost them dear.
Open the door, I'll venture out upon them :
And if I must die, then I'll die with honour.”

And in continuation of the same sentiments, thus proceeds to prove his fixed resolution of not submitting to be carried alive into France, as a prisoner.

“First shall the ocean be as dry as sand,
Before alive they send me into France :
I'll have my body first bored like a sieve,
And die as Hector, 'gainst the Myrmidons,
E'er France shall boast Bedford's their prisoner !
'Treach'rous France, that 'gainst the law of
arms,

Hath here betrayed thy enemy to death !
But be assur'd my blood shall be revenged
Upon the best lives, that remain in France.
Stand back, or else thou run'st upon thy death.”

But being farther informed that it was a Neapolitan, who requested to see him, who was attended by but one poor swain : but yet one who

had promised by the art of eloquence, to prevail on the Earl to surrender himself, trusting alone to the influence of his oratory for that purpose, and entreating to speak to him alone : to which the Earl replied—

“ A Neapolitan ? Bid him come in :
But were he cunning in his eloquence
As Cicero, the famous man of Rome,
His words would be as chaff before the wind.
Sweet tongu'd Ulysses, that made Ajax mad ;
Were he, and his tongue, in the speaker's head,
Alive he moves me not, then 'tis no conquest.”

Upon this resolve, the pretended Neapolitan was admitted, attended by Hodge ! and at his request and the Earl's consent, they were left together. An explanation then immediately took place, and Cromwell, acquainting him who he was, gave the Earl likewise to understand, that he now visited him in the hope of extricating him from his present confinement. Nothing could exceed the Earl's astonishment when he understood that Thomas Cromwell, the son of the worthy farrier of Putney had ventured thus far, and so generously, with no other intention but to render him service : his joy and gratitude to the young man were almost beyond bounds, for so extraordinary an instance of his goodwill ;

though he could (as yet) conceive no possible means, by which he could be benefitted by his kindness or his escape accomplished.

Cromwell then communicated to the Earl the plan he had in contemplation to effect this most desirable event, which was, for the Earl to exchange clothes with his servant Hodge, who was come for that purpose with him, and under the cover of that disguise, he trusted to the probability of his escaping the observation or suspicion of his guards: and earnestly urged the Earl not to delay an experiment on which so much depended. The Earl, though he thought the scheme impracticable, yet was prevailed upon to try it; yet feeling for the situation Hodge would be placed in, should he succeed, asked him if he were willing to run the risk, to which the faithful Hodge replied.

“ Will I? O Noble lord! I do accord in any thing I can,

I do agree, to set thee free, do fortune what she can.”

And this resolution Hodge most courageously persevered in; notwithstanding the serious result which might be the consequence to himself, when the Earl's flight was discovered, and the

proof, which he himself furnished of his having aided him to effect his liberation.

When the exchange of apparel had taken place, Cromwell enquired of Hodge, how he felt himself in the dress of a nobleman: to which he answered.

“How do I feel myself? Why as a nobleman should do,

O, how I feel honour come creeping on :
My nobility is wonderfully melancholy,
It is most gentleman like to be melancholy ?”

All being thus arranged, most fortunately answered to the full extent of their hopes and wishes: the disguise eluded the vigilance of the Earl's keepers, and the pretended Neapolitan, and his clownish attendant, were allowed to pursue their course without interruption or delay. Thus far successful they proceeded with the utmost expedition into Mantua: from whence the Earl of Bedford, immediately sent a martial messenger, bearing an order to be delivered to the governor of his late prison, and of Benonia, to inform him of his now being safe in Mantua, and requesting him, forthwith, to set at liberty the person left in his custody. These are the words he uses to induce his compliance, by the messenger sent for that purpose.

“ Men of Benonia, this my message is,
To let you know, the noble earl of Bedford
Is safe, within the town of Mantua ;
And will's you send the peasant that you have :
Who hath deceived your expectations,
Or else the states of Mantua have vowed
They will recall the truce that they have made :
And not a man shall stir from forth your town,
That shall return except you send him back.”

The governor upon hearing this defiance, (which he well knew would be put in practice if the request was denied) consulted with his principal officers, as to the manner they judged it best to act on the present occasion ; and they accorded with the governor in opinion, that it was most prudent and proper to surrender up to the messenger, the very insignificant hostage now remaining in their hands : than to endanger the consequence of the threat, and involve themselves in the destruction and misery of war. Hodge therefore (was according to this amicable resolution,) delivered up to the Earl's messenger, and very soon after, he most happily joined his beloved master.

The very great obligations under which the earl of Bedford felt himself, to the adventurous Cromwell and the trusty Hodge, for the daring enterprise they had achieved for his sake,

made him extremely anxious for some means to repay him, according to his own estimation of the value of his services. And, in consequence of this desire, earnestly solicited Cromwell to accompany him to France, where he would have many opportunities, and much in his power to render the most essential assistance, to promote the fortune of this amiable young man, whose talents, good sense and modesty attracted his regard and approbation in an eminent degree ; independent of the more immediate demand, the extraordinary effort which he had made, to render him such important succour merited. But Cromwell, being more solicitous for improvement than present reward, politely declined the flattering invitation, assigning as his reason for so doing : with which the Earl was content for the present, but resolved even more positively than ever, to let no opportunity slip in which it might be possible to promote the interest of his brave deliverer. The Earl and Cromwell then separate : whilst Cromwell attended by the attached Hodge, proceeded on his long projected tour of Europe.

On his return from the continent, he entered into the service of sir Christopher Hales, in a capacity of very great importance : as he appeared to be the principal object of attraction, at a very splendid banquet given by sir Chris-

topher Hales : to Cardinal Wolsey, sir Thomas Moore, Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, and many other highly distinguished characters. How highly sir Christopher thought of, and prized Cromwell, may be seen by the following speech of his, whilst giving orders to his servants respecting the order of the entertainment ; in it likewise will be seen, sir Christopher's anxiety for every thing to be conducted on the most liberal and bountiful plan, and the attention which he wishes to be shown, even to the attendants of his guests. He thus addresses his servants, and finishes with encomiums on Cromwell.

“Come sirs, be careful of your masters credit :
And as our bounty now exceeds the figure
Of common entertainment, so do you
With looks as free, as is your master's soul .
Give formal welcome to the thronged tables,
That shall receive the Cardinal's followers,
And the attendants of the great lord Chancellor.

But all my care, Cromwell depends on thee :
Thou art a man differing from vulgar form ;
And by how much thy spirit is rank'd 'bove these,
In rules of art : by so much it shines brighter
by travel
Whose observance pleads his merit,

In a most learned yet unassuming spirit.
Good Cromwell, cast an eye of fair regard
'Bout all my house ; and what this ruder flesh
Thro' ignorance, or wine, do miscreate ;
Salve thou with courtesy : if welcome want,
Full bowls, and ample banquets will seem
scant."

(The genuine hospitality, and kindness expressed in these sentiments must ever be admired by all.)

In the course of the sumptuous entertainment which followed these preparations: Cardinal Wolsey's most particular attention was shewn to young Cromwell, which was excited by the very flattering introduction, bestowed on him by sir Christopher, when he presented him to that great man. And understanding that he had been a traveller, and spoke several languages fluently, he with great affability entered into conversation with him: asked him what places he had visited, and his opinion of the different countries he had seen? Cromwell replied to these questions with great modesty, propriety and intelligence: and Wolsey (who was ever quick in discerning merit and ability) was so much pleased with what he said, that he continued the discourse by desiring him

to tell him what he thought of the different courts of Europe, which it had been his chance to see? To which Cromwell answered—

“ My lord ; no court with England may compare :

Neither for state, or civil government.

Vice dwells in France, in Italy, and Spain,

From the poor peasant, to the princes train :

In Germany and Holland, riot serves ;

And he that most can drink, he most deserves.

England I praise not, for I here was born,

But that she laugheth others unto scorn.”

Wolsey was well satisfied with Cromwell's observations, and condescended to deliver his own thoughts on those subjects : he particularly remarked on the sparing meals of the Spaniards, which he said, he imagined enabled them to endure the fatigues of war better than any other nation. And not so severely to feel the privation of food, being ever accustomed to abstemious habits.

To this sir Christopher Hales, in the true spirit of old English hospitality and plenty, thus answered.—

“ Fill me some wine ; I'll answer Cardinal
Wolsey :

My lord. We English men, are of more freer
souls

Than hunger starv'd, and ill complexioned Spaniards.

They that are rich in Spain, spare stomach food
To deck their backs with an Italian hood :

And silks of Seville ; and the poorest snake
That feeds on lemmons, pilchers, and ne'er
heated

His palate with sweet flesh ; will bear a case

More fat and gallant than his starved face :

Pride, the Inquisition, and this stomach evil :

Are in my judgment Spain's three headed devil.

Throughout the course of this magnificent (and to Cromwell eventful) banquet, the cardinal continued his marked and gratifying attentions to Cromwell. And at last, before the breaking up of the party, solicited sir Christopher to resign this young man to his care ; and to rely on his promise, that he would himself look to his future fortunes. This was the point, sir Christopher had looked forward to, in his anxious solicitude to promote the welfare and happiness of one, for whom he was so much interested ; and most joyfully did he comply with the Cardinal's request : that his favourite and highly prized protegee, should become the selected one of the great Wolsey. The favour

which he was then so happy to be noticed with, by that extraordinary man never diminished, for he ever continued to be so much delighted with his general knowledge, with his good sense and humility, and the humane feelings of his heart : that he at length placed such unlimited confidence on his sincerity and attachment to him, that the Cardinal committed to the care of Cromwell all his immense treasures, trusting entirely to his management and regulation, such riches and costly ornaments, as no subject, had ever previously possessed. 1

But even Wolsey, 1 high and enviable as was his situation at that moment, surrounded by riches, honours and dignity, yet was it frail in stability as the breath of life ; and he fell from the pinnacle of human glory and ambition, to disgrace, misery and death. Cromwell mourned the fate of his patron, with sincere sorrow and affectionate recollection of his kindness and many amiable qualities, (though deeply shaded by the opposite propensities) and Cromwell even dared to speak his just praise, when every other tongue reproached and vilified the humbled prelate. After the misfortunes and death of the Cardinal, Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a harsh, bigotted, and cruel man, attended by the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and several other noblemen of the highest rank came to Cromwell :

to demand some papers belonging to the late Cardinal, which it was judged were of the utmost consequence to the state. Cromwell delivered up the required writings immediately : but yet with so much respect and duty to the memory of Wolsey, and with such deep regret for his misfortunes, that each nobleman present was charmed with his gratitude ; with the fidelity of his heart, and the elegance of his manners. And (according to a promise they then made him) spoke of him in such terms of commendation to the king, that he signified his intention of having him about his own person. This was accordingly done ; and Cromwell from being the most distinguished favourite of the late unfortunate Cardinal Wolsey, became the equally conspicuous one of the king.

Honours now flowed fast upon him, he was first knighted, then made lord Chancellor, then lord Cromwell. These dignities, and every other honour which the king's partiality could bestow, he received in rapid succession, and bore with the greatest propriety of conduct.

In this sudden and unexpected rise of Cromwell, the truly grateful and worthy Earl of Bedford had a great share. The account that nobleman gave of the conduct of Cromwell, towards himself whilst imprisoned in Bononia, to the king charmed him exceedingly ; and the

further good report he heard of him from the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, confirming his previous good opinion: induced the king to promote him in a manner far beyond his first intentions in his favour. But all these surprising turns of fortune so prosperous and flattering, Cromwell still continued to sustain with humility and prudence: in no one instance did he forget his humble origin, neither were any of his original virtues obscured by pride, or diminished by his advancement. He was generous, affable, and humane: the dreadful fall of Wolsey, on which he never ceased to reflect with sorrow, was a never failing lesson to him of the uncertainty of all human greatness.

During, therefore, the period of his prosperity, (which was indeed but of short existence) many who had known and served him in his younger days he most amply rewarded. He also had the happiness to return to the worthy Florentine merchant, Friskabill, who so generously assisted him in his distress, when he had been plundered by the banditti, tenfold for his kindness and humanity. For that good man, since that time, had failed in business from a variety of misfortunes, and come to England in the hope of recovering some debts due to him, and it so happened that lord Cromwell (then lord Chancellor) saw amidst a crowd of people assembled

to observe a procession, in which himself and his retinue formed the principal part of the cavalcade, that generous friend, and recognized him instantly. But little did poor Friskabill imagine, whilst thus gazing on the great lord Chancellor of England, that he was the poor naked beggar, whose necessities he had relieved in Florence ! Nothing therefore could equal his astonishment, when he found himself singled out, from those who were standing near him, by command of the lord Chancellor, and ordered to go to his house to await his return on an important business. But his joy equalled his surprise, when ushered into the presence of Cromwell (who he still did not recollect in his much altered appearance,) and he demanded of him—

“ Did you not once, upon your Florence bridge,
Help a distressed man, rob’d by the banditti ;
His name was Cromwell ? ”

To which question the merchant replied.

“ I never made my brain

A calendar of any good I did.

I always lov’d this nation with my heart.”

When he thus discovered that the great man who interrogated him then, was the same individual, Cromwell, whom he had been so fortunate to serve in the moment of distress, and

who so gratefully remembered his former kindness, and now so bountifully repaid it : that the late distressed and bankrupt merchant was enabled to pursue his business, even in a greater way than ever, and with encreased prosperity and success.

Fortune had now elevated this favourite of her's to the highest station on her fickle wheel ; and the consequence was, that his feet could not keep fast on that slippery situation. It was at this period that King Henry the eighth, began to abolish the religious houses, and convert their revenues to his own purposes. Cromwell (who was a secret favourer of the Reformation) entered warmly into the king's interest in this respect, and was (perhaps) too active in forwarding his wishes.

This conduct in the lord Chancellor could not fail to attract the attention, and excite the malice and resentment of the clergy ; on which revenge was sure quickly to follow, besides Cromwell had many other enemies, who envious and jealous of his sudden elevation, most earnestly and eagerly wished for, and sought, his destruction. Amongst the most inveterate of those which Cromwell's zeal in the king's cause had created, was the inflexible bishop of Winchester, (whose superstitious severity and cruelty, will ever remain on record against him,) of this

Cromwell was himself sensible, for he says to Gardiner.

“ Good morrow to my lord of Winchester,
I know you bear me hard about the Abbey
lands.”

The bishop replied that he had sufficient reason for it, as he could have no colour for what he had done. To which Cromwell again answered.—

“ Yes, the abolishing of Antichrist
And of his popish order from our realm :
I am no enemy unto religion,
But that is done, it is for England’s good.
What did they serve for, but to feed a sort
Of lazy Abbots, and of full-fed Friars ?
They neither plough nor sow and yet they reap
The fat of all the land and suck the poor.
Look what was theirs, is in king Henry’s hands :
His wealth before lay in the Abbey lands,”

Gardiner returned.—

“ Indeed these things you have alleged my lord
When God doth know, the infant yet unborn,
Will curse the time, the Abbey’s were pulled
down.

I pray you where is hospitality ?
Where now may poor distressed people go,
For to relieve their need or rest their bones,
When weary travel doth oppress their limbs ?
And where religious men should take them in,
Shall now be kept back by a mastiff dog." &c.

The bishop of Winchester as the principal, and the other clergy his adherents, now began seriously to plot the downfall of the grand favourite Cromwell ; and well knowing (as they did) the capricious disposition of the king, they felt little doubt of a successful issue to their cruel plots. To bring about more effectually their horrid purpose, Gardiner procured two witnesses, whom by bribery and a promise of absolution he prevailed upon, to act against Cromwell as he suggested to them in these words.

" Now my friends, you know I saved your lives
When by the law you had deserved death ?
And then you promised me upon your oaths
To venture both your lives to do me good."

The men having acknowledged this, and again repeated the same intention, he thus proceeded :

" I take your words, and that which you must
do

Is service for your God and for your king :
To root a rebel from this flourishing land.
One that's an enemy unto the Church,
And therefore must you take your solemn oaths
'That you heard Cromwell, the lord Chancellor,
Did wish a dagger at King Henry's heart.
Fear not to swear it, for I heard him speak it,
'Therefore will shield you from ensuing harms."

" Kneel down and I will here absolve you both ;
This crucifix I lay upon your heads :
And sprinkle holy water on your brows :
The deed is meritorious that you do,
And by it shall you purchase grace from heaven."

Having by these means prevailed on the two ignorant men he had retained, he mentioned to the lords of the privy council the intelligence he had obtained of Cromwell's treason ; and thus brings the business forward to their knowledge.

" O what a dangerous time is this we live in !
There's Thomas Wolsey—he's already gone ;
And Thomas Moore, he followed after him :
Another Thomas yet there doth remain,
That is far worse than either of those train.
And if with speed my lords, we not pursue it,

I fear the king and all the land will rue it."

Most unhappily for Cromwell a law had just passed, that if any privy Councillor should be convicted of treason, he should be condemned without trial. And Gardiner and his confederates meditated, that, Cromwell should suffer by this new regulation; which was (it must be confessed) an act of Cromwell's own construction, and he had been the principal person who had caused it to pass into a law. Which is another example of many, which might be brought forward, that unjust and arbitrary institutes, and cruel edicts often recoil on those who project them, and that such instances ought to be a warning to us all, ever to act by others as we wish to be dealt with ourselves.

It was upon this ground, therefore, that the bishop and his party had resolved to proceed. A meeting was held at Lambeth, at which lord Cromwell was to be present; and they arranged their plans so that the moment in which he landed from his barge he was to be arrested, to be accused of high treason on the testimony of the suborn'd witnesses, to be conveyed from Lambeth to the Tower, by water, and the next morning to be beheaded. This was the sate of their intentions, and in it they (fatally for Cromwell) but too well succeeded.

The Earl of Bedford, who was aware of this horrid conspiracy against the life of one whom he so highly regarded, wrote a hasty letter, and sent it by a special and confidential messenger to warn his dear friend of his danger, and to entreat him on no consideration whatever to attend the meeting at Lambeth. But his fate was inevitable : for imagining the letter from the Earl but of trifling consequence, and being at the moment he received it particularly engaged, he committed it unopen'd to his pocket, and time pressing for his meeting with the bishop and his associates at Lambeth, the important letter in his hurry was forgotten, and its contents remained unknown, until it was too late for them to render him any service.

Thus the noble minded and generous Cromwell fell an easy and unsuspecting victim into the snare which was so artfully laid for his destruction and his life. He was arrested as previously settled, the false witnesses were produced against him, and on their evidence, and without corroborating proof he was sent to the Tower. Where he had but a few hours to reflect on the wonderful, and unforeseen change which had in a few hours taken place: even more sudden and extraordinary than his elevation to rank and power had been. Within the dismal walls of the Tower it was that he first

recollected having received the Earl of Bedford's letter, which he now doubted not was to have given him notice of the approaching storm, and on opening it found it contained these lines :—

“ My lord come not this night to Lambeth,
For if you do your state is overthrown.
And much I doubt your life if there you come :
Then if you love your life stay where you are.’

Deeply and vainly he regretted, when he found the tendency of the information it contained, that he had neglected to spare a few moments for its perusal, which might have been the means of saving his life. But now alas ! of no avail for his enemies had got the upper hand ; and though Cromwell had got a friend to go and make his dangerous situation known to the king, they were determined not to let slip the superiority thus doubtfully, and fleetingly possessed : as they thought it very likely the king would send a pardon if one hour was delayed. And they therefore so well managed the business, for their own satisfaction, that they procured his being beheaded the next morning (a transaction of so extraordinary a nature that at this time it can hardly be credited.) The king hardly knowing what was going forward till Cromwell's

faithful messenger was the means of explaining it. When understanding from him that Cromwell was arrested on an accusation of high treason, arrested, and sent to the Tower, and well knowing the danger he was in, he instantly sent a full and free pardon. But it was too late, this noble and amiable man had already fallen a sacrifice to the implacable malice of his enemies.

ANTHONY
AND
CLEOPATRA.
ROMAN HISTORY.

**CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA INTRO-
DUCED IN THIS WORK.**

M. ANTHONY

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR }
M. Æ. LEPIDUS } **TRIUMVIRS.**

SEXTUS POMPEIUS

EROS

MENAS

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt

CHARMIAN }
IRAS } **Attendants on Cleopatra.**

ANTHONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.

All the historic drama's of Shakspeare are remarkable for being most faithful representations, of the story they delineate, according to the circumstances recorded. Those from the Roman history are equally accurate and correct in this requisite particular as the English ; and the play, here selected, of Anthony and Cleopatra is a convincing proof of it : as in no one incident, or sentiment, does it vary from the original history.

Most of my young readers will I have no doubt recollect, that after the cruel murder of Julius Cæsar in the senate house, a Triumviri was appointed to take the government, consisting of M. Anthony, Octavius Cæsar, and Lepidus ; and that many severities were put in force against the conspirators who committed that dreadful outrage, and their abettors. Anthony had gone into Tarsus, in consequence of

this, intending to make strict enquiries into the conduct of Sarapion, one of Cleopatra's adherents, who was governor of Cyprus, and he sent word to that princess to clear herself from the imputation of this Sarapion, having furnished succours to Cassius and the conspirators. On receipt of this summons she resolved to attend him in person, the consequence of which interview was, that he went with Cleopatra into Egypt, where he continued losing in scenes of luxurious amusement, all recollection of the higher scenes of important duty which he was called on to fulfil; and which the neglect of, proved at last so fatal. For, from the moment of that memorable meeting between Anthony and Cleopatra, (the magnificence and splendour of which will in its proper place be given in the words of Shakspeare,) he became infatuated by her allurements, to the utter destruction of himself, of Cleopatra, and numerous others of his, and her, attached adherents.

The play commences with Anthony in Egypt, deeply engaged in all those dissipations which led to his ruin: whilst Octavius Cæsar, in Rome, was industriously endeavouring to establish the government in a way most conducive to his own aggrandizement; and no method appeared to him more likely to forward these views, than to render the bad conduct of An-

thony as conspicuous and disgusting to the people of Rome as he possibly could. Fulvia likewise (the wife of Anthony) irritated by his neglect and ill treatment, proved a very powerful enemy against him, by corroborating in herself all Octavius's insinuations to his disadvantage. But, before any breach of consequence had taken place between these equally ambitious rulers, Fulvia died of a broken heart.

The ambassador sent to him, into Egypt, with this (to him pleasing) intelligence of the death of Fulvia, brought also an account that S. Pompey was about to commence a war against Rome, except certain conditions which he stipulated are complied with. This information, Anthony thinks of sufficient importance to demand his return to Rome : which he determines on in defiance of the ralliery and entreaties of the Egyptian Queen, for his remaining with her : it required a great effort of resolution in him to withstand her solicitations, but he accomplished the arduous task ; and Cleopatra in her last farewell thus speaks her sentiments.

“ Your honour calls you hence ;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you !—upon your
sword

Sit laurel'd victory !—and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet !”

The preparations which were making by Pompey for war, gave much alarm and uneasiness to the Romans ; particularly as he was so powerful by sea. And Octavius, though he took every opportunity to depreciate Anthony, and to magnify every fault and error he committed in the most glaring manner, yet was he well aware of his skill and bravery, and when speaking of him (even though to his disadvantage) could not refrain from dwelling on the greatness of some of his former actions ; and bestowing on them the applause they had merited. Thus he describes his fortitude and magnanimity when suffering from severe famine : after expressing his wish that he would leave the luxuries of Egypt, he continues—

“ When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,
Tho' daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer : Thou didst drink
The stale of horses ; and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at ; thy palate then
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The bark of trees thou browsed'st ; on the Alps
It is reported, thou did'st eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on. And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheeks
So much as lank'd not."

Though messengers had been dispatched to Anthony (as stated) yet Octavius Cæsar had not the least idea he would pay any attention to the information conveyed: but contrary to his expectation, however, Mark Anthony arrived to join the council, and deliberate on the best plans to be pursued in this crisis of public affairs. On the first meeting of the Triumviri, a conversation ensued, in which Anthony conscious that his conduct required it, makes an apology for his neglectful behaviour. "As far" (he says) "as in such a case befits mine honour to stoop." Upon which Lepidus (who appears to have been a man anxious to reconcile every difference; and conciliate each turbulent spirit) persuades Anthony and Octavius to forget all animosity, and from that time forward to be true friends. And as a token of perpetual amity, proposes that Anthony should espouse the amiable and beautiful Octavia, sister to Oc-

tavius, and beloved by him with the tenderest fraternal affection.

With this arrangement the two hero's appeared equally delighted, and most readily and mutually declared, that for the future "The hearts of brothers shall govern in our loves, and sway our great designs." The conference between these great men having terminated so much to the satisfaction of all parties, and the Triumviri having retired, the remaining nobles began a conversation on the happy prospects opening to them, from the proposed union between Octavia and Anthony; and the joy it would give to all, in the course of which the charms and power of Cleopatra was spoken of: when one of Anthony's friends who was present, and well remembered her first meeting with his noble general, thus described to his attentive auditors, the manner of her sailing up the Cyndus to meet him.

"I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten
gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars
were silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
made

The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own
person,

It beggar'd all description : she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er picturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy out-work nature : on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did
seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did
cool,

And what they undid, did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids tended her, i'the eyes,
And made their bends adornings : at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
Swall with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That rarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her ; and Anthony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature."

" Upon her landing Anthony sent to her,
Inviting her to supper : she replied,

paration, mutual compliments and pleasing recollections take place ; and in token of sincere friendship, mutual and pressing invitations to feasts and entertainments, are given and received with the greatest pleasure. Lots were proposed to decide who should be the first entertainer, but Pompey entreated he might be the first to be gratified with that privilege ; and earnestly solicited the whole party to come on board his galley, which being complied with, he there conducted them ; and made them partakers of a most sumptuous banquet, and in every respect entertained them with princely magnificence.

But, though, at this agreeable meeting, every thing on either side was done to conciliate, and to occasion oblivion of all former acts and deeds, instigated either by ambition, or jealousy. Still it was with difficulty, harmony could be kept up amongst these turbulent spirits, who like gunpowder were ready to explode from the most trifling spark ; and this disposition became still more inflammable, in their wine, and many a sarcastic allusion amongst all appeared to threaten a less pleasing termination, than beginning of the feast. For, during the time they were sitting at the board, Menas, the confidential friend of Pompey, insisted on speaking to him apart from the company, to this request Pompey was unwilling to comply : but Menas continued to urge

him with a vehemence that was disagreeable to him, he at length yielded to his request, and reluctantly left the table with an appropriate apology for so doing.

The moment they were alone Menas asked him "If he wished to be master of the whole world?" On Pompey's answering him (with amaze at the question,) how that was to be accomplished, Menas replied—

"These three world sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel : Let me cut the cable ;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats :
All there is thine."

But Pompey shocked at the dreadful suggestion rejects the advice, saying in answer—

" ————Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour :
Mine honour it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betrayed thine act : desist and drink."

After this conversation (which so greatly offended Menas, from his council being rejected, that he secretly vowed never more to follow the fortunes of Pompey :) that great man returned to his party, and the Triumviri with their friends and followers after this grand entertain-

ment parted from their entertainers, better friends than could have been expected.

Whilst these transactions were taking place, Cleopatra was in a state of the utmost suspense and anxiety respecting Mark Anthony. But shortly a messenger arrived in Egypt who brought intelligence to the queen, of the marriage of Anthony and Octavia: this event (which she could scarcely believe) filled her heart with the most implacable rage and jealousy, and for a time she gave vent to the vehemence of her passion, by the most extravagant expressions. But conquering the first burst of passion, and recollecting the policy which occasioned the action, she became more pacified: more particularly as she fully confided in the power of her own charms, for triumphing over those of the gentle and amiable Octavia in the affection of Anthony. In this expectation the artful queen was certainly right, for his heart was too fatally attached to her ever to forsake her; and Anthony soon after his marriage took an opportunity of sending Octavia to her brother, under the pretence of negotiating some affairs relative to Pompey: when he immediately returned into Egypt for the society of the base and treacherous Cleopatra. Which Cæsar being well apprized of, and being doatingly fond of Octavia, he resents most highly. He likewise

expresses his astonishment and dislike of the manner in which she comes to him, in the strongest and most energetic manner, as thus :

“ Why have you stolen upon us thus ? You
come not

Like Cæsar’s sister : The wife of Anthony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long e’er she did appear : the trees by the way,
Should have borne men ; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not : nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops : But you are
come

A market maid to Rome ; and have prevented
The ostent of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov’d : we should have met you
By sea, and land : supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.”

From this moment Octavius so much resented the neglect his sister experienced, from her husband, that ill-will was continually gaining strength in his heart, against Mark Anthony, until it broke out into decided hostility. When this occurred, and war became the only alternative to settle the misunderstandings of these wonderful men, Anthony was so overpowered by

the persuasions of Cleopatra, that he not only consented to go to fight by sea, contrary to the advice and inclination of all his followers, but that the Queen in her galley should also go with him. So much against the approbation of the Roman soldiers was this measure, that one old and experienced veteran addressed him on the subject in these words—

“O noble Emperor, do not fight by sea :
Trust not to rotten planks : Do you misdoubt
The sword and these my wounds? Let the
 Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking : we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.”

But in vain was this honest appeal to his feelings, Anthony was infatuated to his ruin ; and even against his own better judgment he turned a deaf ear to the warning of this faithful soldier, and attached friend : the consequence of which was a total defeat. The complete triumph of his enemies, however, was occasioned by Cleopatra : who in the midst of the engagement without any apparent cause, (as at that moment victory seemed rather to incline to Anthony) she took alarm ; and ordered her people to row her galley away, which being done, to

the amaze and consternation of all his soldiers, Mark Anthony immediately followed her, leaving the scene of action, without any other reason but that of Cleopatra's withdrawing from it, and by that means lost the day. His shame and sorrow for this desertion of his friends and cause, he thus expresses and deplores.

“Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me !—Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever :—I have a ship
Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.”

Being answered by those he spoke to, that they would never fly, he continues—

“I have fled myself ; and have instructed
cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends be
gone ;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you ; be gone :
My treasur's in the harbour, take it. O,
I followed that I blush to look upon :
My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them

For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you
shall

Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray, you look not
sad,

Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea side straight-
way:

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little, pray you now:
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
'Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by and by.'

It was evident, to every one, that M. Anthony was exceedingly angry with Cleopatra for her extraordinary behaviour, during the action, but much more severely did he condemn himself, for being influenced by her folly (or perhaps) treachery. But his love for her overpowering every other sentiment, they were soon reconciled again; and he sent a challenge to Octavius Cæsar, to request he would decide the difference between them by single combat. But Cæsar was already too secure of power and dominion, to risk so unnecessary a contest: more particularly as a great part of Anthony's former friends and allies had deserted his cause and come over to Octavius. Even Cleopatra herself, at this time, had

entered both into secret and public negotiations with Cæsar, to secure to herself in this extremity the safety of herself and children ; and also the security of her immense treasures.

Anthony well aware of these proceedings, and overpowered by affliction at the insincerity of all around him ; and the part the Queen was performing, to propitiate the victor in her favour, forsook all society and for some time became a complete misanthrope : but unable long to sustain a character so completely opposite to his nature, and finding himself as unable to bear solitude as he was the defection of his friends : he resolved to make one more expiring effort, and to try his strength both by land and sea, in the hope to recover once more what he had so disgracefully lost.

To this purpose he once more collected his forces, and on the day of the final engagement he watched the onset of his fleet from an advantageous position. And had the happiness to see them advance (at first) in good order : but what must have been the wretched Anthony's sensations, when soon afterwards he observed that they all joined the enemy. Whilst at the same time, his land forces were easily subdued, or else followed the same example in placing themselves under the command of Cæsar. The most dreadful despair took possession of

his mind, on this termination of all his hopes, and in the heart breaking distress of the moment, he thus breaks forth into a lamentation, which proves how fully he was convinced of Cleopatra's treachery.

“ All is lost ;

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me :
My fleet have yielded to the foe : and yonder
They cast their caps up ; and carouse together
Like friends long lost.” &c. &c.

“ 'Tis thou

Hast sold me to this novice : and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly :
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all.”

“ O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more ;
Fortune and Anthony part here ; even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this ? The
 hearts

'That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,
'That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am :
O this false soul of Egypt ! 'This grave charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd
 them home ;

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right Gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss."

Cleopatra who had long dreaded the fatal effects which might proceed from the distraction of M. Anthony, when thus disappointed in every hope and expectation; and likewise feeling that he was not insensible of her duplicity, had contrived to secure herself from his resentment, by concealing herself and her treasures in a sepulchre which she had caused to be built, as a retreat in time of danger, and a tomb in case of death. Thither also she had occasioned a quantity of combustibles to be conveyed, which she intended as a means to enable her to make her own terms with the conqueror; and should she fail, to threaten to destroy herself and treasures, by setting fire to them, if her demands were not complied with.

On the final overthrow of Mark Anthony, assured now that his glory had sank for ever: she secretly removed herself and her female attendants into the secure retreat this stately monument afforded, and procured information to be given to Anthony that she was dead, depending on this intelligence so far softening his heart by grief for the loss of one so tenderly beloved, as to induce him to forgive all her trans-

gressions, in the joy of finding her alive: in part this plan succeeded, for the affliction of Anthony when he heard she was dead exceeded all his other sorrows. And incapable longer to endure this accumulation of calamity, he called upon his freed man Eros to kill him, as he had bound himself by an oath to perform, whenever by unhappy circumstances called upon to do it: which oath the fallen hero thus reminds him of.

“ Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quartered the world, and o'er green Neptune's
back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to
lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn,
Eros,
That, when the exigent should come (which now
Is come, indeed) when I should see behind me,
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me: Do't, the time is
come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st:
Put colour in thy cheek.”

But the faithfully attached Eros overcome with horror at the proposal, and affliction for his beloved master's sufferings, earnestly entreats him to desist from his cruel purpose, and says in reply to his command.

“The Gods withhold me !
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Tho' enemy, lost aim, and could not ?

But Anthony determined on self destruction, persevered in his request, adding how much more insupportable the triumph of Cæsar would be for him to witness, than to comply with the request he was bound by oath to do. Eros appearing at length convinced by his arguments of the necessity of the act, entreats then, that he will “turn from him that noble countenance, or he never can strike”—Anthony complies. He then says in the agony of his feelings.

“My dear master,
My Captain, and my Emperor ! Let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.”

Eros and Anthony, then, each saying he is prepared, Eros stabs himself, unable to perform the order of his dear master, and immediately falls dead at his feet. Anthony shocked yet

gratified by this instance of true fidelity thus exclaims—

“Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros; what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and
Eros
Have, by their brave example, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lovers bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar.”

Saying this he falls on his own sword, but had scarcely done so before one of Cleopatra's attendants come to acquaint him, the Queen is still living, is concealed in her monument, and earnestly entreats that he will suffer himself to be conveyed to her. To this he consents, and he was brought in that dying condition to the sepulchre of the Queen: but she having no other attendants with her but her women, Iras and Charmian, she was fearful of opening the gate: but contrived by the assistance of her women, with cords which they threw down to drag him up through the window. A task which was performed with amazing difficulty, and that difficulty much increased by the wretched situation of Anthony: who, bathed in blood, and dying,

M

in vain endeavoured to raise himself (when taken into the monument) to embrace for the last time the distracted Cleopatra: but observing her excessive sorrow, and being deeply affected by it, he thus strives to comfort her, with these recollections.—

“The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your
thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o'the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly: put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquished. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more.”

Having articulated these sentiments with extreme difficulty, he almost immediately expired. When the death of Anthony was made known to Cæsar, he again adopted every measure he could devise to reconcile Cleopatra to her misfortunes: by giving her to understand, that her person, her children, and her property, should still be held sacred according to former promise. But the queen being herself the most artful of human beings, was full of suspicion of all others, and also, having a secret correspondence

with one of Octaviu's officers, she became fully confirmed in the knowledge that her surmises were not chimerical ; and she took her resolves, in consequence, without delay. Having long made a study of the effects of different poisons on the human frame, and what the most easy and certain to procure death, she contrived to have an asp brought to her (which is a small serpent, whose bite is mortal) in a basket of figs. Which being possessed of, she arrayed herself (with the assistance of her women, in her most sumptuous royal robes : had the diadem placed on her head; and then partook of a regal banquet, which she had given orders to have prepared, for Cæsar had given most positive orders for all her commands to be obeyed, as much as in the midst of her former splendour.) After these ceremonies she applied the venemous reptile to her breast, the fatal sting of which was almost instant death ; and when the soldiers of Cæsar came to convey her from her monument (which was what she expected, dreaded, and determined never to see) they found the queen dead on her couch ; near her, at her feet, was stretched Iras one of her faithful attendants, and Charmian the other, also dying, yet making a feeble effort to place the diadem more firmly and gracefully on her beloved mistress's head. One of the soldiers shocked at the scene before him—"Alas ! is this

well done Charmian?" to which she answered — "Yes it is well done, such a death is fitting for a glorious queen descended from a race of glorious ancestors." Pronouncing these words she drop'd down and expired.

Cæsar, Octavius, was greatly grieved and disappointed in his expected triumph when he heard of these transactions : but soon recovering his presence of mind, his nobler feelings conquering his former ardent desire for cruel exultation over a fallen enemy, he thus gives orders respecting those great, though ambitious and tyrannic characters ; first of Cleopatra he says—

“ Take up her bed ;
And bear her women from the monument :
She shall be buried by her Anthony :
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them ; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this funeral :
And then to Rome.”

TROILUS
AND
CRESSIDA.
GRECIAN STORY.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

TROJANS.

PRIAM, King of Troy

HECTOR }
TROILUS } his sons
PARIS }

ÆNEAS }
ANTENOR } Trojan commanders

CALCHAS, a priest taking part with the Greeks.

PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida

GREEKS.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian general

MENELAUS, his brother

ACHILLES }
AJAX }
ULYSSES } Grecian commanders.
NESTOR }
DIOMEDES }
PATROCLUS }

HELEN, wife to Menelaus

ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector

CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam ; a prophetess

CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas.

TROILUS

AND

CRESSIDA.

The drama of Troilus and Cressida has but few incidents in it; scarcely sufficient to form an attractive story; were it not from its commencing at an interesting period of the Grecian and Trojan war, the intimate connection it has with Homer, and the beauty of the speeches which it contains, (many of which will be here introduced as well worthy perusal and study) it might be deemed unlikely to attract the attention of the young mind. But the hope of rendering the beauties of the author familiar, made it necessary to bring this piece forward in the most simple and amusing form the nature of the drama will admit of.

Many of my young readers will be acquainted with the mythological history of the Heroes of antiquity, and aware of the fabulous circumstances attendant on their births, and actions; of this description are most of the characters in

this piece. But as others may not yet have arrived at that degree of attainment, it may be necessary for such to be informed (for the better understanding the story) from what cause originated the long continued, and fierce wars of the Grecians and Trojans, which, after ten years, terminated in the total destruction of the famous city of Troy, and of all those great men whose names will for ever be recorded and honoured. It having being foretold to Priam, king of Troy, that his son Paris should inevitably occasion the overthrow of his kingdom; he sent him away from his court in his childhood, to be brought up as a shepherd on mount Ida: where it is recorded, that arrived at nearly the age of manhood, content and happy in that humble station, three goddesses appeared before him, Juno, Minerva, and Venus, requesting him to decide an important question. A golden apple had been thrown into Olympus by the goddess of discord, on which was written, "to the fairest in heaven—Be this apple given:" And as this point could not be agreed on, between the competitors, none choosing to give either the preference in the court of Jove: it was resolved it should be referred to a mortal, and Paris was the person on whom the high honor to determine this celestial dispute fell.

It may be presumed, the appearance of such

extraordinary visitors greatly astonished the royal shepherd, and even more so when the nature of their visit was explained, each of the candidates claimed the apple as her own peculiar prerogative : but at the same time declared her intention to abide by his decision, whether or no in her favour. To influence his judgment, however, Juno condescended to promise him, if he gave the prize in her favour, that he should be the greatest prince in the world ; Minerva said, that if she obtained it, he should be the wisest ; and Venus promised, if he gave it to her, he should have the most lovely woman in the world for his wife. This last offer prevailed, and to Venus he gave the apple, so long and so anxiously contended for.

Soon after, being sent by his father to the court of Menelaus, the Grecian king, Paris became so enamoured of Helen, the beautiful wife of Menelaus, that he persuaded her to elope with him ; and this young prince thus laid the first foundation of the prophesy being fulfilled in being so wicked as to take away the wife of so good a prince, and one who loved Helen with such tender affection : she likewise proving herself equally wicked, and ungrateful by such conduct.

Menelaus highly resented this insupportable insult, and the affair being made public, all the

states of Greece entered with friendly interest into his affliction, and resolved to see him revenged. Menelaus would gladly have received Helen again, and sent messengers to Troy to demand her being restored to him, but this being positively denied, he entered into that fatal war against Troy ; which ended not until Troy was destroyed by fire, and its princes and heroes (almost totally) exterminated.

The hero of the present story is Troilus, the youngest son of Priam, not less magnanimous than Hector himself, or any other great man of his time : but, being so much younger, he had not the same opportunity to display his abilities. Shakspeare's play commences with the Grecian army encamped before the walls of Troy. The Grecian army was composed of all those heroes of antiquity, of whom so much has been recorded ; such as Agamemnon, Menelaus, Achilles, Ajax, Ulysses, &c. &c. ; whilst the Trojans were equally remarkable, for the great characters which led them on, amongst the most renowned of whom was Hector, Æneas, Antenor, Troilus, and numerous others whose names are famous in history.

Troilus (the youngest son of king Priam) became deeply enamoured of Cressida, the daughter of Calchas, a priest who had deserted to the Grecians. But the prince was most

anxious to conceal this passion from the knowledge and observation of his father and brothers, more especially Hector; and in consequence consulted with the uncle of Cressida, (whose name was Pandarus) in what manner he could bring about a secret marriage with his niece. Pandarus, well aware of the advantage to be derived from so splendid an alliance, greatly encourages the idea of it, and promised Troilus to do every thing in his power to promote it: the prince, though very much pleased by the assistance offered him by Pandarus, yet expresses his fears that Cressida herself will object to the measure, as she has never on any occasion given the least encouragement to his attentions: speaking of himself, and comparing his own present inactivity, (from his mind being so entirely occupied with thoughts on Cressida) with the energy of the Greeks—he thus continues.

“The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance:
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractised infancy.”

That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms ;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :
If any come, Hector shall honour him ;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburn'd, and not
worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much."

To this Agamemnon answers, that this message shall be told to all the lovers in the camp, and, that, he had no doubt but every soldier in it would be ready to accept a challenge of that nature. But should none other be found, that, he himself would meet Hector, rather than the Grecian ladies should want a champion. Nestor also (the Greek general so famous for his great age) assured him, that even, he would meet him if none else appeared ; and tell him his mistress must have been fairer than his grandmother. After this conversation, which

N

was carried on between these opposite parties with the utmost politeness and good humour, Agamemnon invited Æneas to partake of a banquet with him and his officers; to which he immediately consented, and all the great and noble Greek generals, after the example of their chief, pay to Æneas every possible respect and attention.

Ulysses on whose discriminating judgment, and good council, the whole army depended, consulted with Nestor, on the subject of this challenge, when the rest had retired; and they were mutually of opinion, that, though this defiance was given in general terms to all, that it was in reality intended for Achilles. But, that Achilles (though so unquestionably brave and daring) was grown so intolerably proud and haughty, separating himself from the society of his equals in the war, and secluding himself in his tent, with his friend Patroclus only for a companion, as though all others were unworthy that honour: that, he conceived that it would humble his high spirit, and bring it more down to endurance, if they could contrive to get Ajax (who was a man of amazing strength and courage, and nearly related to Hector) to take up the cause, and meet Hector the next morning—rather than to let Achilles suppose that he

was the principal pointed out for the purpose, and that no other was equal to the attempt.

This plan (with which Agamemnon was made acquainted) was carried into effect, and succeeded : for nothing could exceed the mortification of Achilles when he found himself thus overlooked, though he had at first positively declared that he would not fight, yet he fully expected to be solicited to do so ; and most certainly would have been, but for the politic advice of Ulysses the prince of Ithaca. Ajax was, however, as much flattered by the choice falling on him to support the combat, as Achilles was damped and offended ; and prepared, with the utmost pleasure, for the important contest which was so shortly to take place.

But, before that period arrived, a private union was formed between the prince Troilus, and Cressida, in the presence of her uncle Pandarus, when the most sacred assurances of never ending fidelity were given and received.

Calchas, the father of Cressida, had (as has been said) deserted his own country Troy, and joined the Grecians, leaving his daughter, who was so tenderly beloved by Troilus, and now his wife, behind him, in the care of his brother Pandarus : but now become anxious for her society, and a proper opportunity offering, he thus

addressed himself to the princes who composed the Grecian camp, when all assembled together.

“ Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your
mind,

That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandoned Troy, left my possession,
Incur'd a traitor's name ; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes ; sequest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature ;
And here to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted :
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.”

Being requested to make a demand of what he required—he thus continued.

“ You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took ; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore,)
Desir'd my Cressid, in right great exchange,

Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,

I know, is such a wrest in their affairs.

That their negotiations all must slack,

Wanting his manage; and they will almost

Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,

In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,

And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence

Shall quite strike off all service I have done;

In most accepted pain."

This request of Calchas for the obtaining his daughter, being judged, by Agamemnon and his nobles, natural and consistent with propriety: they agree to its being immediately complied with, and appoint Diomedes to take the charge of conducting Antenor to the Trojan camp, and to bring back in return the beautiful daughter of Calchas. He is also at the same time commissioned to acquaint Hector that his challenge had been accepted by many, out of which number an opponent had been selected, who would be ready to meet him by the appointed hour.

According to this arrangement, Antenor, under the escort of Diomedes, was sent back to his friends and countrymen; and Cressida is demanded in return, to be conveyed to her ex-

pecting father. But the grief which took possession of the heart of the faithful Troilus, when this intelligence was made known to him, was beyond description, and that of his beloved Cressida appeared to equal his: every thing within the compass of his power to prevent its taking place he put in practice, but an event of so much magnitude to the state, as the return of Antenor, could not admit of any prevarication, or any alteration, in the terms proposed. And it was still more particularly unfortunate for the lovers, that Troilus did not dare to make his situation in respect to Cressida known to his father, fearing his, or his brothers, reproaches for the unequal alliance. Therefore, there was no remedy but submission to the imperative fate that attended them; and an acquiescence, (however reluctant) to the treaty which accomplished the restoration of the brave and highly valued Antenor to Troy—and Cressida to her father. By the vigilant contrivance of Pandarus, Troilus and Cressida had an opportunity to take a most tender and affectionate leave of each other, in which the prince consoles both Cressida and himself, with the assured hope of his being able to bribe the guards, to permit them frequent meetings, till the happy time may arrive that he can acknowledge her in public as his wife: with which pleasing expectation, and with vows of

mutual constancy, they are compelled to separate. The prince giving to Cressida as a token of affection a sleeve (which was a custom at that time) which she, solemnly promised never to part with ; and she presenting to him a glove, which he vowed to hold equally sacred. The lovers then parted, Cressida being delivered over to Diomedes, to be conducted to the Greek camp ; and Troilus, returning to his own quarters, to prepare for the rencontre of the next morning, between the two renowned heroes Ajax and Hector.

Long before the appointed hour of combat, all the Trojan chiefs consisting of Hector, armed for the contest, Æneas, Troilus, with many other noble Trojans, and numerous attendants enter the Grecian camp, and are received by the Grecian commanders, and princes, with all possible distinction and honour ; and under these circumstances, and with all observances of chivalric courtesy, the combat is commenced.

With infinite delight, the partizans of each behold the equal contest for honour and victory : but from the near relationship of the combatants (Ajax being son to the sister of king Priam, consequently first cousin to Hector) each was unwilling seriously to injure the other, and it became rather a matter of amusement between them, than the emulation of triumph and

success. But the unhappy Troilus, more deeply engaged in thinking on his fair and most dear loved Cressida, than on the battle, and his dejection, and inattention, in consequence of his mind being thus engaged, becoming very conspicuous, Agamemnon enquired of Ulysses, who was standing near him, "who that Trojan was, that appeared so melancholy?" When this description of the hero of the drama was thus given by the prince of Ithaca.

"The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue,
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon
calm'd :

His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he
shows :

Yet gives he not till judgment guide his
bounty,

Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath :
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous ;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects ; but he in heat of action,
Is more vindictive than jealous love :
They call him Troilus ; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas ; one that knows the youth

Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me."

This most certainly is a noble character for an enemy to give, and does the greatest honour to both the heroes.

It had been observed by Ulysses (who ever penetrated into every persons thoughts) and even to several others, less discerning of the Grecian officers; that from the first moment of Cressida's coming to her father, that Diomedes had paid her the marked attention of a lover, and that such attention did not appear to be displeasing to her: on the contrary, it was evident to them that she encouraged it, and this circumstance furnished much amusing conversation amongst them. And, Ulysses, not in the least conjecturing how nearly and deeply the subject would effect the prince Troilus, began, by way of entertaining him, to communicate the particulars, of his and his brother officers remarks, on the dawning attachment of Cressida and Diomedes. The dreadful conflict, in idea, which this discourse occasioned Troilus to undergo was almost insupportable, but shortly recovering his presence of mind, he treated the matter wholly as a joke, introduced solely for amusement. Ulysses assured him of the contrary, but finding him still incredulous, he said

that if he would permit it, he would lead him to a place where he might hear Cressida and Diomedes converse without being seen; and he would leave it to his own judgment to decide, whether or no he had informed him correctly, as to the nature of the affair. To this proposal Troilus readily agrees, and (though in a state of agitation, which he, with the utmost difficulty conceals from the keen eye of his companion,) consents to accompany him to the retreat he pointed out for his concealment. Here to his horror and amazement he found all that Ulysses had stated was strictly true; and he saw, and heard, the false and deceitful Cressida say the same tender things to Diomedes, that she so lately had done to him, and caress him with even more affection.

Distracted as he was, by this cruel discovery, he yet endeavoured to conceal his feelings: yet enough of his distress was visible to astonish Ulysses, and to occasion him repeatedly to enquire the cause which so much moved him. But he was too haughty, and too much hurt, now to own a passion which he had hitherto concealed: yet his rage was worked up almost beyond the bounds of control, when he saw Cressida give to Diomedes (as a token of her affection) the sleeve, which he had bestowed upon her, and which she had sworn never to part

with through life. Diomedes, as he accepted the present, was most anxious to know who it was that had given it to her : but this she positively refused to tell him, and finding that he could not by any means prevail with her to gratify him in this respect, he declared that the next day he could wear it in his helmet, and that the lover who gave it her may there claim it. When Troilus with vehemence exclaimed, unable longer to contain his passion, "that the next day he will challenge it, even were he the devil who wore it on his horn."

Ulysses was beyond measure surprised at the violent behaviour of Troilus, but probably in some degree guessed the cause, from this last circumstance: though Troilus still kept concealed his situation, as it regarded Cressida. And he retired with his guide from this fatal scene, of treachery and dishonour, with his heart full of the most deadly revenge against Diomedes, (who in reality was guiltless of offence, towards him, being ignorant of his marriage and superior claims on the guilty and unworthy Cressida.) But at last unable to separate from Ulysses, without some explanation of his conduct, whilst observing the demeanours, and overhearing the discourse of Cressida, he says, addressing that prince in answer to his remark on the token given by Cressida.

“Ay, Greek ; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam’d with Venus : never did young man
fancy
With so eternal and so fix’d a soul.
Hark, Greek ;—as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed :
That sleeve is mine, that he’ll bear on his
helm ;
Were it a casque compos’d by Vulcan’s skill,
My sword should bite it : not the dreadful
spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call
Constring’d in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune’s ear
In his descent, than shall my-prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.”

“O Cressid ! O false Cressid ! false, false, false !
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they’ll seem glorious.”

Ulysses, thus made acquainted with the affair,
endeavoured to comfort him under his affliction :
but Æneas, coming in at the moment, acquainted
him that Hector was then in Troy, and that he had
been long seeking him, to inform him that Ajax
waited to conduct him to the gates : in this office
Ulysses says he shall join, and the prince Tro-

ilus with many thanks for his friendship took leave of Ulysses, and the rest of the generals, and accompanied by Æneas again entered Troy.

A general engagement being now about to take place, between the two opposing armies, (the truce being ended) Cassandra the prophetess, the sister of Hector, as that prince was arming in preparation for the battle, came into his presence; and earnestly entreated him not to go into the field that day, as it would be fatal to him, but he told her his honour was dearer than life and that compelled him. Cassandra endeavoured by every means in her power to dissuade him; in which effort Andromache his wife earnestly joined, and finally king Priam came to entreat him, to forbear to go for that day—Priam says to him:

“Come, Hector, come, go back :
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had
visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt’d,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous :
Therefore, come back.”

Hector answered to all the affectionate entreaties of his gifted sister, and anxious family, that he was engaged by a vow that could not be

forfeited, to appear that morning, and adds
when his father almost commands him to remain.

“ I must not break my faith.

You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.”

In no part of this story doth Hector appear more amiable than in this part, where his duty and attention to his father is so conspicuous. yet conquering every tender feeling on his own part, to perform that which he was called on by his patriotism, for the preservation of his country. Under this impression, the prayers and tears of his family were of no avail, in effecting an alteration in his resolution ; and at last Priam gave a reluctant consent. But Cassandra never ceased her cries and lamentation, which prognosticated, not only, the fall of Hector, but, in consequence of that loss, the total destruction of Troy : however, Hector's mind might have been depressed by this parting with his family, he went with his accustomed bravery, feeling it impossible to disappoint the expectations of his friends, and associates, already assembled in the fatal field of battle.

In the dreadful conflict, which ensued, num-

berless Greeks and Trojans of high name and dignity perished; amongst them was Patroclus, the beloved friend of Achilles, and for whom he grieved beyond the bounds of moderation; and when he buried him, that cruel hero sacrificed twelve Trojan prisoners as an honour to his memory.

But the death of Patroclus was but a trifling loss compared to that of the noble and princely Hector, who, according to the prediction of his sister, here lost his life. Homer and Shakspeare differ in their accounts of that calamity, but as this story is from the latter, to that we must adhere. His relation of the event is, that to the eternal disgrace of Achilles, the great hero of Greece, his Myrmidons by his particular order, given in these words:

“Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in
breath;

And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:
It is decreed—Hector the great must die.”

These Myrmidons beset the noble Trojan,

and that when fatigued and unarmed, he was sitting to recover himself, by the command of Achilles, (as before given) they fell upon him and killed him.

On his fall the triumphant Achilles, in a most disgraceful and cruel manner, ordered the dead body of the gallant Hector to be tied to his horse's tail; and in that degrading situation for it to be dragged through the field of battle, which was done. Of this brave general—thus his disconsolate brother, Troilus, speaks to Æneas, and the rest of the Trojans.

“ Hector is slain.—And at the murderer's horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd thro' the shameful field.
Frown on, you heavens, affect your rage with speed !

Sit God's, upon your thrones, and smile at
Troy !

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on !”

Æneas telling Troilus this lamentation dis-comforted all the host :—he thus continues.

“ You understand me not, that tell me so :
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death ;
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men,

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone !
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba ?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be called,
Go into Troy, and say there—Hector's dead :
There is a word will Priam turn to stone ;
Make wells and Niobees of the maids and
wives,
Cold statues of the youth ; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But march away :
Hector is dead : there is no more to say." &c.

Troilus, however, continues the speech ; in which he consoles himself with future revenge : which he hopes to execute upon the murderers of his beloved, and highly respected, brother Hector.

The grief which Troilus thus experienced, it may be supposed, drove the remembrance of the false and unworthy Cressida out of his heart and mind. For though mention is made of him and Diomedes engaging together, Shakspeare does not inform us how the affair terminated : neither is there any farther account in what manner this unfortunate attachment ended. We may therefore feel assured, that no very tragical event attended it : or it most certainly would have been recorded.

KING

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

ENGLISH HISTORY.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

KING HENRY

CARDINAL WOLSEY

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

DUKE OF NORFOLK

GRIFFITH

QUEEN KATHARINE

ANNE BULLEN

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

The occurrences which took place in the reign of this king, are perhaps more spoken of, and better remembered, than that of any other monarch that ever sat upon the throne of England; and Shakspeare in compliment to Queen Elizabeth, (in whose reign he wrote) renders that princess in every respect amiable and good. All historians agree in allowing him to have been a man of learning and judgment; and in the younger part of his life, he probably might have possessed a more humane disposition than he did in the latter part of his existence. But it is Shakspeare's play these pages are to present to the reader; and not a history of the life of king Henry the eighth.

The commencement of this piece is supposed to be very soon after the memorable meeting in France, between the kings, Henry and Francis, in the vale of Arde. Which from the cost and magnificence, at that time there displayed, was called—"the field of the cloth of gold." It begins with a conversation between the duke of

Norfolk, and the duke of Buckingham. Buckingham being an invalid confined to his chamber at the time this grand event took place, requests the duke of Norfolk to oblige him with an account of the particulars; which he does in these words—

“Then you lost

The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married

To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its: To-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English: and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood,
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As Cherubims, all gilt; the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
Their pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a painting: Now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them: him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerners

Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these
 suns
(For so they phrase them,) by their heralds
 challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thoughts compass; that former fabu-
 lous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believed."

The duke of Buckingham much pleased by this description of the scenes, he was deprived the pleasure of witnessing, enquired further who it was that had the management, and was capable of conducting such a splendid pageant; when being informed that it was all under the arrangement and regulation of Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop of York, the duke was very much enraged, and could not refrain from expressions of hatred against the great Wolsey, for his pride, ambition, and vanity, with occasional observations on the meanness of his origin, and the hope he entertained that his arrogance would meet a fall. Norfolk reproved his friend, for the rash imprudence of his speech, and most earnestly advised him to be more circumspect in future, and not to avow his sentiments so publicly, against the Cardinal.

“’Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards
you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal’s malice and his potency
Together : to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power : you know his nature,
That he’s revengeful ; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge : ’tis long, and it may be said,
It reaches far ; and where ’twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my council,
You’ll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
rock,
That I advise your shunning.”

The duke of Buckingham, had but too soon reason to feel the justice of his friend’s remarks ; and how truly he judged of the dreadful effects of the Cardinal’s malice against him ; for before the conference between him and the duke of Norfolk was ended, Buckingham was arrested and sent to the Tower : accused by his own secretary, and other confidential servants, of a conspiracy against the king : being bribed by Cardinal Wolsey for that purpose, of this the

duke was perfectly sensible, the moment his accusers were named to him, and thus says—

“ My surveyor is false ; the o’er great cardinal
Hath show’d him gold : my life is spann’d al-
ready ;

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham ;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark’ning my clear sun.—My lord farewell.”

The king, sitting in council, was greatly amazed on hearing of the treasonable conduct of his favourite Buckingham, whom he had ever highly regarded. And in that assembly expressed his warm thanks to the Cardinal for his vigilance, and the care he had exerted for the protection of his person from all dangers ; and says, that the duke’s trial shall take place before him : whilst thus speaking a loud shout is heard, welcoming and announcing the approach of the queen Katharine : who, the moment that she entered the council chamber, kneeled before the king, saying that she came an humble suppliant to him. The king immediately assisted her to rise, kissed her with great affection, and said, that whatever it was she came to solicit, to be assured it would be granted. After expressing her acknowledgements, for his great kindness and condescension to her, she proceeded to tell

him, that the people were greatly oppressed and grieved, in consequence of commissioners being sent amongst them to collect a tax, so exorbitant and severe, that they could not possibly comply with it; and that they with one voice accused the archbishop of York, as the only person who had occasioned its being levied upon them. The king (in the utmost astonishment) exclaimed,

“Taxation!

Wherein? And what taxation?—My lord cardinal,

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

And then found, to his still farther surprise, that this exaction amounted to the sixth part of the whole substance of each individual. On this the king greatly enraged declares—

“By my life,
This is against our pleasure.”

Wolsey then excuses himself, and palliates his conduct in the business, by saying how difficult it is to escape calumny: even, when every action is intended for the best, that he was but an individual in whatever was done, and that no proceeding could take place without

the concurrence of the best judges, and the most wise and deliberate council. But the king, scarcely attending to the mitigating circumstances he brought forward, ordered letters to be written instantly to excuse every one who had resisted the payment of the tax, and to do away with such a dreadful imposition entirely : upon this decision the cardinal, in giving the order to his secretary, for this purpose, contrived to give his secret instructions to write, that it was through his intercession that the king had consented to remove the tax, which had given so much uneasiness.

The queen¹ then ventures to introduce the subject of the duke of Buckingham, and said how very much concerned she was to find he had merited the king's displeasure, and how very highly she had always thought of him. The king coincides in her opinion, acknowledging his own surprize and grief, at being so deceived, and continued thus :

“ It grieves many :

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare
speaker,

To nature none more bound ; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.

Yet see,

When these so noble benefits shall prove

Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when
we,

Almost with ravish'd list'ning could not find
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his." &c. &c.

But notwithstanding the king's former favourable thoughts of Buckingham, his faithless servants, through the machination and bribery of the cardinal, bring such a variety of heavy (though false) charges against him, that the amiable and accomplished duke is condemned to death. And, when very shortly after led from the tower to the scaffold, he thus declares his innocence.

" All good people,
You that have thus far come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose
me.

I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die ; Yet, heaven bear
witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,

Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice.
But those, that sought it, I could wish more
 christians :

Be they what they will, I heartily forgive them :
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against
 them.

For^r further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, altho' the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that
 lov'd me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven." &c. &c.

After the execution of this great and good man, whom Wolsey evidently was determined to remove out of his way : the cardinal made a most magnificent entertainment, to which were invited all the principal nobility of the kingdom : to which, amongst others of the cele-

brated beauties of the court, the lovely Anne Bullen, (maid of honour to Queen Katharine) was an expected guest. The cardinal, at this banquet, took nearly the same state upon himself as the king could do. He had a stately throne, elevated above the seats occupied by the company, with a rich canopy suspended over it for his own use; and the number of his attendants, and the superb liveries which decorated them, with the whole arrangement of his household, approached nearer to royalty than any subject had previously aspired to do. But when once seated amongst his friends, and all preceeding pompous ceremonies punctiliously performed, nothing could, then, exceed his hospitality, his attention to his guests, his affability, or his charming insinuating address and manners, or the elegance and excellence of his conversation. In the midst of the pleasure, experienced by all present, a trumpet was sounded—the martial note made each one start with surprise: but a servant immediately entered to announce, that a troop of noble strangers had just left their barge and landed—and were making towards the cardinal's palace, like great ambassadors from a foreign prince.

Wolsey on this information, requested the lord Chamberlain, as he spoke French well, to go, and bid them welcome; and to conduct them

to his presence. The nobleman complying with this desire, the moment it was communicated, returned ushering in a majestic man, and twelve gentlemen with him, in the masquerade habits of shepherds, all with masks on: and the lord Chamberlain informed the Cardinal, that the strangers, not speaking English, had entreated him to inform his grace, that hearing of the fair assembly of beauties which that night were collected together to grace his banquet, out of the respect, which, they bore to the fascination of female charms, they were come to pay their respects at the shrine of beauty. Wolsey politely answered, they had "done his poor house grace." And entreated they would join the revels.

The principal shepherd—during this time had been ardently gazing on Anne Bullen, with whose superior beauty he was so much struck: he could not remove his eyes from her, and he selected her to dance with him. Cardinal Wolsey closely observing the masked dancer, soon discovered under that disguise his royal master, Henry, and desired the lord Chamberlain to go to him and say, that he was sure there was one amongst the company to whom it was his duty to resign the highest seat, and that he was most anxious to resign it to him. The king laughed at this discovery, confessed Wolsey's discernment, and immediately unmasked, as did like-

wise all his companions : but the king attaching himself to the side of his fair partner, addressed nearly the whole of his conversation to her, and that in terms of the most flattering and agreeable compliment. The marked behaviour of the monarch, to the lovely Anne Bullen, did not escape the observation of the wily Cardinal ; and from a presentiment of danger arising from any attachment, formed between the king and that lady, almost, already repented that his banquet had given occasion to their meeting. The entertainment proceeded, however, and every luxury of the times was spread before the happy guests ; and, at last concluded in the greatest harmony and pleasure.

About this time it became a subject of speculation and rumour in public, that the king began to be troubled with religious scruples of conscience, respecting the validity of his marriage, with queen Katharine, she having been his elder brother's widow. But there were many who conjectured those scruples arose more from a suddenly conceived affection to Anne Bullen, than from any real doubt, or objection, produced in his mind as to the legality or religious propriety of a union, which had been formed for more than twenty years, without his ever, before that period, being troubled with any of those punctilio's which had now taken possession of him :

however, as he always spoke in the highest and most affectionate terms of the queen, declaring that he would prefer her, "To all the world's fair beauties," if he thought it lawful, it is probable those motives might in some degree sway him, that he said did. And that a doubt as to the legitimacy of his daughter Mary, which had been first suggested to him by the French ambassador, when a treaty of marriage was proposed between that princess and the duke of Orleans, had been the real cause of the uneasiness he suffered, and had occasioned his full determination to have the point fully examined by the most learned men in Europe; and, that they should decide whether, or no, he was to consider the queen unequivocally his lawful wife.

This very extraordinary demur, and obstacle to her happiness, to arise thus unexpectedly after so long a union, it may reasonably be believed, filled the heart of the amiable queen with the most agonizing sorrow; which was greatly increased when she found this degrading question was to be brought into a public court for examination. But was rather consoled to find a Nuncio from the Pope was to attend, trusting that what the Pope had once sanctioned—(her marriage with the king) no successor would pronounce wrong.

Great was the preparation made for this im-

portant enquiry, and all the most learned men of that time, as well as numerous others from curiosity, flocked together to witness a proceeding so unprecedented. The court prepared for this purpose was held at Blackfriars; and when all was arranged with the utmost pomp and state, that money aided by taste and ingenuity could do, to render this court an imposing scene of solemnity and grandeur: the parties concerned were assembled in it, the king and queen seated according to their dignity, and all the bishops, cardinals, ambassadors and noblemen, were next placed according to their rank. When all were settled, the king was called upon by name to answer in the court, which he did. The queen was next called upon in the same manner: but instead of answering as the king had done, she arose from her seat with great dignity, and approaching the king, and kneeling at his feet, thus spoke to him.

“Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,

That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will comformable :
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too?—Or which of your
friends

Have I not strove to love, altho' I knew
He were mine enemy?—What friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking?—Nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to
mind

That I have been your wife in this obedience,
Upwards of twenty years, and have been
bless'd

With many children by you : If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
'Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you
sir,

The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment : Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by
many

A year before : it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful : Wherefore

I humbly
Beseech you, sir to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd ; whose
counsel

I will implore : if not ; i'the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd !”

Upon this Wolsey said, that, as there was then assembled reverend fathers, men of singular integrity and learning, it was unnecessary to defer any longer the business which rendered both herself and the king so uneasy. Upon this the queen accused him as being the cause of all her trouble, and the promoter of the whole affair. From which aspersion he vindicated himself, in a very eloquent speech, in which he declared his innocence, that her suspicion is groundless ; and earnestly appeals to the king, to clear him from the imputation of ever having in any re-

spect interfered between them. The queen, however, totally disregarding whatever he said in excuse, or extenuation, walked out without paying the least attention to the repeated call of the court: having first made a low, and respectful obeisance to the king.

As soon as she had left the court, the king thus spoke of her.

“Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i'the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that:—Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)
The queen of earthly queens:—She is nobly
born;
And like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.”

But, notwithstanding these sentiments of Henry's in favour of the queen, the affair terminated in the marriage being declared illegal, and a divorce taking place between the king and queen; and finally with his marriage with Anne Bullen. But the king had previously discovered that Cardinal Wolsey was extremely averse to

this union: in the first place, because he conceived the connexion beneath the king; and secondly, that he greatly suspected the lady was a favourer of the reformation (then prevailing) in religion, and dreaded her influence over the king. The king, (who could never endure the most trifling opposition on any point) could much less brook it, on this subject, where his love was concerned, and became very angry in consequence with the cardinal. Which his enemies the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk perceiving, with many others who hated him for his pride and power, took advantage of, to incense the king more and more against him: in which they at last but too well succeeded, and caused the ruin of that most wonderful man.

The manner by which the king had arrived at the knowledge, he was now in possession of, respecting the cardinal's private opinion, on this and other important matters, was merely accidental, for a letter of his to the Pope, and an inventory of his rich effects were put into the hand of the king by mistake, instead of other papers, alike in form, intended for his perusal.

This account of his costly plate and furniture, corroborating the information given by the noblemen of the cardinal's rapacity; and the immense treasure he had, and was still accumulating, was quite sufficient evidence to turn the

tide of this capricious king's attachment against his former unequalled favourite. Having ordered Wolsey into his presence, he closely questions him on many points of duty towards himself, intermixed with many severe observations: he at last gave him the papers, which (so fatally for him) had been given into his hands, telling him to peruse them.

“ And then to breakfast,
With what appetite you have.”

The cardinal shocked beyond description, by this unexpected misfortune—thus laments his fallen state, being perfectly well convinced his power was for ever gone.

“ Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man ; to day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ; to morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon
him :

The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a rip'ning,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride

At length broke under me ; and now has left
me,

Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new open'd : Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again."

The cardinal, then giving up every thing he possessed, set out for York, but being accused of treason he was pursued, arrested, and brought back to Leicester, where he was taken so extremely ill that he could not be removed, and soon after died there. Queen Katharine, who after her divorce had retired to Kimbolton Castle, (where she continued to reside till her death) being informed by her confidential servant, Griffith, of the death of the great cardinal Wolsey archbishop of York, she requested he would give her a particular account of that event, which he did in these words : in answer to her question, as how he died ?

" Well, the voice goes, madam :

For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward

(As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule."

" At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend
abbot,

With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and three nights after this
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace."

The queen was much affected, by this account, and expressed her earnest hope for his eternal happiness: but could not refrain from making some observations on his pride and bad qualities, she said he was ever putting himself on an equality with princes—large in promise

but in performance, as he was now himself, nothing. That he was never pitiful, but where he meant to ruin ; and that in every respect he set a bad example to the clergy. To which Griffith answered with great humility and charity.

“ Noble madam,
Men’s evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your high-
ness
To hear me speak his good.”

To this the queen readily assenting, Griffith thus proceeds :

“ This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honour. From his
cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov’d him not ;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as
summer.
And tho’ he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely : Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais’d in you,

Ipswich, and Oxford !—One of which fell with
him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
The other, tho' unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing
God."

The queen highly commended Griffith, for the
candour and honesty of his encomium on the
favourite, told him that the person whom she
had most hated living, his truth, justice, and
modesty had occasioned her to honour in his
ashes. And that she wished, after her own death,

" No other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
'To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith."

After the astonishment which the extraordinary
event of the Archbishop's death and fall,
had excited in the public mind, the next thing
which occurred, was the proclamation of the

king's marriage with the lady Anne Bullen; this had taken place in private for some time, but now the king judged it necessary to make it known, and likewise to prepare for her coronation. And a description of that magnificent ceremony is thus given in the conversation of two gentlemen, discoursing on the coronation, the one requesting information on the subject is thus answered by his companion—who promised to comply, saying—

“ As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That e'er was seen by man: which when the
people

Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes, hats, cloaks,
(Doublets I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before.” &c. &c.

The gentleman, anxious for more intelligence,

begged to know what followed, when the other continues—

“ At length her grace rose, and with modest
paces

Came to the altar ; where she kneel'd, and, saint
like,

Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd de-
voutly.

Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :

When by the Archbishop of Canterbury

She had all the royal makings of a queen ;

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,

The rod, and bird of peace, and all such em-
blems

Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir,

With all the choicest music of the kingdom,

Together sung Te Deum. So she parted,

And with the same full state pac'd back again

To York-place, where the feast is held.”

The truly pious, and amiable, Cranmer arch-
bishop of Canterbury, was loved and respected
by all ranks of people for the numerous good
qualities he possessed. And from the active
part he took in the king's divorce, (in which he
acted upon what he conceived a just principle)
had become so great a favourite, with the mo-
narch, that there was none at that period to

equal him ; (and little as the king's favour was to be depended on, what he extended to Cranmer, continued as long as the king lived.) This distinction alone would have been sufficient to have created him many enemies, but how much was that malice increased, when it was joined by an idea that the archbishop entertained and propagated the opinions of the Reformists. Gardiner, the cruel bishop of Winchester, the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, sir Thomas Lovel, and several other eminent noblemen, were Cranmer's most bitter enemies ; and they were fully resolved on his ruin by accusing him of heresy, committing him to the tower, and finally in getting him put to death. For these purposes he was ordered to appear before the council, and they proceeded so far as to order a guard to convey him to the Tower : when in the midst of the execution of this order, the king entered the council chamber, enquiring into, and learning the cause of their sitting ; and Cranmer standing as a criminal before them, the bishop of Winchester explained the cause. On which the king was extremely angry, severely reprimanded the whole assembly, ordered Cranmer to take a seat by his side, and to depend upon his protection as long as he should live : then called him a good and honest man, which (he added) was a title which few of them deserved.

After this (the king becoming a little cool) desired that in future they would all be friends, and to respect him as he was in himself worthy of it; and also for the love and friendship which he felt for his worthy prelate.

All animosity being apparently removed, by the royal interference: the king, in the most condescending manner, told Cranmer he had a suit to make to him.

Cranmer listened in silent astonishment, not in the least comprehending what the king could possibly have to ask of him. But it was so, that a few hours before he had come into that council chamber, intelligence had been brought him of the birth of a princess. (And this daughter was afterwards the great queen Elizabeth, one of the most celebrated princesses that ever sat on the throne of England.) And the king, however, not to keep him in suspense explained his meaning, and what the nature of the favour is—in these words.

“ My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather and answer for her.”

Cranmer answered to this extraordinary compliment and distinction.

“The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour:—How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?”

The king told him he would have no excuse, that, he supposed he was anxious to save the expense of the spoons, (customary to be bestowed at that time on god-children) but that he should not be spared. And again recommending friendship, and brotherly love amongst them: the assembly broke up, and separated, in a manner very different to what the bishop of Winchester had arranged for, and hoped it would be.

Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the christening, of the princess Elizabeth, the procession on that occasion, nearly equalled in ceremony and splendour that of the coronation of the queen, Anne Bullen. The archbishop, Cranmer performed the sacred ceremony, being sponsor as well as Primate; and when the christening was over, and the king had kissed, and blessed his child, and returned thanks to his “noble gossips,”—the archbishop took the child in his arms, and desiring the attention of all present, as he felt himself at that moment inspired, utter this prophetic speech, concerning the future course of the royal infant.

“Let me speak sir,

For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them
truth.—

This royal infant, (heaven still move about her !)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness : She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness,)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed : Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse
her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be lov'd and fear'd : her own shall
bless her :

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows
with her :

In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her : But as
when

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness,)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
Where ever the bright sun of heaven shall
shine,

His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations : He shall
flourish,

And like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him :—Our childrens
children

Shall see this, and bless heaven.”

: The king highly delighted with the prospect
of future happiness, thus predicted to his king-
dom and to his child, observed to the inspired
prelate, that “ he spoke wonders :” but inatten-
tive to his remark, he thus continued.

“She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more!—But she must
die,
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a
virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn
her.”

The king then said, (finding the archbishop had concluded) that, he had never before been so happy in his whole life, “this oracle of comfort had so pleased him.” Then addressing himself to the company present he said.

“I thank ye all,—To you my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden ;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way
lords ;
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank
ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house ; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday.”

THE STORY
OF
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ROMAN HISTORY.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

SATURNINUS, Emperor of Rome

BASSIANUS, his brother

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman general

LUCIUS
MARTIUS
MUTIUS
QUINTUS } sons of Andronicus.

ALARBUS
CHIRON
DEMETRIUS } sons to Tamora.

AARON, a Moor

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, brother to Titus

TAMORA, captive queen of the Goths

LAVINIA, daughter to Andronicus.

THE STORY
OF
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

It has been previously remarked, that it is a matter of much doubt whether, or no, the Tragedy of Titus Andronicus was a legitimate dramatic work of Shakspeare's. Yet the opinions, for and against it, cannot be introduced into a work of this nature : neither would they be attended with any utility if they were, for, however different arguments on the subject may be well supported, it will, notwithstanding, ever remain undecided which one is right. But as the play in question bears the name of the great Bard, we must take it for granted it is his, as none living can really prove to the contrary. And the outline of the story must be presented, to our young readers, as well as the horrid subject of the piece, and its complicated, and distressing circumstances will admit. The cruelty and ferocious manners, the want of noble and

just principle, and the savage sternness, exemplified in almost every character throughout this story, are such as we should suppose could never possibly have existed, even in the most uncivilized human societies, for amongst such we may imagine the sympathies of natural feeling would take place. Than how much less expect to find such barbarity amongst the polished Romans at the point of time, in which, this tragedy takes place. A period in which the Christian religion had made some progress in the Empire, the doctrines of which might have been expected to have tended more to soften the heart, and regulate the manners, (even though not completely established) amongst these intrepid, but still savage race of men, who were actuated by erroneous ideas of false honour only. The deficiency in feelings of humanity, throughout, must ever render Titus Andronicus an unpleasant story: but given by so great a master of the human passions, both in their most amiable, or most degraded state, it must have its place in this selection; and the more so from its morally proving, that the most desirable gifts of nature, such as courage, beauty, sense or greatness, if not under the guidance of virtue and religion, humanity and justice, nothing avail to render the possessor himself happy

—or to gain love or esteem either here, or hereafter.

The play of Titus Andronicus, opens with an immense crowd of Roman citizens assembled for the purpose of electing an emperor. The competitors are the two sons of the late emperor, Saturninus, and Bassianus; and the contention between the brothers is very vehement,—each candidate has a large number of partizans; Saturninus pleading his birthright, as giving him the preference—the younger appealing to the affection of the people, and the dependence, which he conceives, they would place on the probity, mildness and virtue of his reign. Thus each urges his claim, and each (as usual upon such occasions) find numbers ready to assist, to the utmost, to place his peculiar favourite on the throne of his late father. The brother of Titus Andronicus, named Marcus Andronicus (who appears to be one of the most amiable characters amongst them) makes a speech which induces each to forego his claim for a time—till the arrival of Titus Andronicus, their renowned general, for his voice to determine the contest: the arguments of Marcus are thus expressed, he wishing Andronicus to be emperor instead of either.

“Princes that strive by factions, and by friends,

Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we
stand

A special party, have by their common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome ;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls :
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in
arms.

Ten years are spent, since he first undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies pride : five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field ;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your
strength ;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,

Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness."

This appeal from Marcus Andronicus, was so well received by all, that Saturninus agrees to dismiss his followers, which he does with many thanks for their good will, and says "that to the love and favour of his country, he should commit his person and his cause."

Bassianus, (who was attached and betrothed to Lavinia, the only daughter of Titus Andronicus,) was still more pleased by the orator's proposal, than his brother : being less anxious, even, to gain the empire than the approbation of the father of Lavinia, and her affection : he therefore thus answers.

" Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,
And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd."

At this critical moment, of such importance to Rome—Titus Andronicus arrives from the complete conquest of the Goths, a conquest of

the utmost consequence to the Romans; and for which they were ready to decree him every possible honour. A long train of noble captives graced his victory, amongst the most conspicuous, of whom, was Tamora queen of the Goths: her majestic person, extraordinary beauty, and splendid apparel, struck all observers with admiration, whilst the haughtiness of her demeanour convinced them that her high spirit was unsubdued. The three sons of the queen were likewise of this train, and a Moor, also the great favourite and chief counsellor of Tamora, named Aaron. The grandeur of this procession was, however, greatly damped by a sorrowful one, which accompanied it, namely the bier on which was deposited the remains of one of Andronicus' sons, killed in the last final struggle, in which victory decided in favour of the Romans. And they were now bearing this youthful warrior to the tomb of his ancestors.

The mournful ceremony of enclosing him in this last receptacle, being performed with every possible attention and respect, which paternal affection could suggest; the remaining sons of Andronicus, with a savage brutality which would have disgraced the earliest period of the Roman empire, demanded of their father one of the noblest prisoners of the Goths, which he had there his captive, to sacrifice to the manes of

their brother exulting at the same time, in the idea of the tortures they intended to inflict on him. This the inhuman father immediately consents to, as a just and proper measure, and names, as the victim the eldest son of Tamora, as the one most distinguished for nobility of birth, and stateliness of person. This order is given by Titus, without either pity, hesitation, or the slightest regard, to the tears and supplications of the wretched queen, his mother, who in a state of distraction, and kneeling at his feet, thus pathetically, and justly, addresses the powerful commander of his fate.

(TAMORA.)—"Stay, Roman brethren;—gracious conqueror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears—in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
Oh! If to fight for king and common-weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?

Draw near them then in being merciful ;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge ;
Thrice noble Titus, spare my first born son."

But it was in vain, the wretched mother pleaded, the stern and unbending Andronicus encouraged his sons in their sanguinary designs. And the eldest son of the captive queen was immediately ordered to be sacrificed, under the erroneous impression that the blood so spilt, would be gratifying to the spirit of his departed son : for Andronicus concludes his denial of Tamora's ardent request, by saying.

" And for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice :
To this your son is mark'd : and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone."

The young prince therefore was destroyed, but (as may naturally be imagined) a deadly hatred against Andronicus, and all his family, entered the heart of Tamora, with a most determined resolution to seek revenge. The same idea was, likewise, entertained by her two remaining sons, Chiron and Demetrius. And, also of the crafty and designing Moor, who warmly attached to the queen and her children, secretly, and silently, vowed the destruction of

the whole race of the Andronici, and to let no opportunity escape, for the execution of his deep revenge.

After these melancholy transactions had passed, it became necessary to attend to the affairs of the state, more particularly the election of the emperor. And the voice of Titus Andronicus was so powerful in Rome, and his influence over the people so great, in consequence of his frequent and complete victories over their enemies; and his connexions and interest so extensive, that it (almost) entirely depended on his decision, whether he would himself accept the Imperial dignity, or which of the two contending brothers should mount the throne.

Marcus Andronicus, the tribune, now proposes Titus as a candidate with the two young princes, and feels assured that the choice of the people will fall on him: but he positively declines the honour, saying that the state required a governor younger, and stronger than he was; and that he could not now expect to live to be of service to them, he therefore recommended to their choice, (whilst justice and honour guided his opinion,) the eldest son of their late emperor, the prince Saturninus, to be their emperor. His arguments prevailed with the people, and they bestowed the Imperial diadem on the prince whom Andronicus preferred.

The moment this important business was thus peaceably and satisfactorily concluded, and the acclamations of the people (in consequence) a little subsided. The newly elected emperor returned his warm acknowledgments, to the veteran general, for the assistance he had been to him, promises perpetual gratitude to him ; and as the first instance of his wish to honour him, for the obligation conferred, offers immediately to espouse Lavinia, his daughter, and make her the partner of his throne.

This proposal is highly flattering to Andronicus, and he instantly consents to the union. But on this declaration Bassianus, who had long loved and been previously accepted by Lavinia, to which contract her brothers were witnesses and confidants : (foreseeing that such an event was likely to happen, as his brother wishing to have her for his bride, if he should succeed in his election,) he had gained the promise of Lucius and her two other brothers to assist him, in preserving Lavinia from being compelled to break her faith to him, this they had undertaken and determined to fulfil. The lover and brothers, however, being all present when this honourable proposal was made by the emperor, and so readily accepted by Andronicus, Bassianus instantly takes hold of Lavinia saying, that she is his betrothed bride, that no

power shall separate them, and that he shall instantly bear her away. This threat he immediately puts in practice, taking Lavinia away with him, whilst her brothers prevent his being followed or interrupted by any present.

The triumphant lover, by this means, accomplishes his design, and without further opposition becomes the husband of Lavinia. But the enraged father, Andronicus, finding his hitherto undisputed authority thus obstinately opposed by his sons, more particularly his youngest, (Mutius) in the frenzy of ungovernable passion, stabs the youth to the heart who instantly expires.

(Most certainly proceedings of such violence and cruelty, at no period of time, could admit of paliation; and still less, as observed, when the Romans had immersed from the savage barbarism, and ignorance of their first rude establishment: when the want of the tender feelings of humanity, constituted their idea of bravery, and had also the advantage now of finding the divine precepts of charity, and good-will to all, gaining ground in the hearts of many—who before their minds were enlightened by Christianity, were as furious as the characters here brought forward.)

After this shocking scene had taken place, the unnatural anger of Andronicus, against his son, still appeared to be unappeased, so much

so that he refused to let his body be laid in the tomb of his ancestors. And it was not until his own brother Marcus came forward, with humble and earnest solicitation, that he consented: Marcus says—

“Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue’s nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia’s cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks upon advice, did bury Ajax
That slew himself.
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr’d his entrance here.”

On this he complies and his son is buried, the emperor Saturninus (in the mean time) finding that Lavinia was in truth the wife of his brother, was rather pleased than angry at the event; as he began to admire, and greatly to prefer Tamora, the captive queen of the Goths, her style of beauty, which was majestic and Amazonian, pleasing him much more than the soft and feminine graces of the gentle Lavinia. And now feeling himself free from his offer to Lavinia, by her choice of Bassianus, he makes the same splendid offer to Tamora, to the surprise of all who witness it. This queen who was a most wicked, artful, and malicious wo-

man, with uncontrolled joy, accepts the extraordinary proposition: by which not only her high ambition is amply gratified, but her ardent desire for revenge on Andronicus, and his family, seems to be within her grasp. For the gratification of being empress of Rome, caused not half the delight to her imagination, as did the expectation of being, by that means, enabled to complete the destruction of that race.

The more effectually to bring about her purposes, she determined to gloss over her speech and actions, with shew of peculiar kindness, and friendship, to each individual, which conduct she doubted not would remove every scruple of suspicion, and put them more decidedly in her power. She therefore, with the most winning gentleness, persuaded the emperor to pardon fully his brother, and whoever else might have offended him; and henceforward to live in brotherly love, and kindness with all, in consequence of this good advice, terms of amity and oblivion, of all past grievances took place, and (apparently) happiness and confidence reigned amongst them, but it was only a deceitful calm.

For this artful and designing empress had an auxiliary even more crafty and cruel than herself, (if that were possible) Aaron the Moor, who was the privy counsellor of all her bad actions, and continually prompting her to greater

mischief, and wickedness, than her own inclinations at first intended. And he was the contriver of a plot, to which the empress readily assented, to murder Bassianus, and so to manage it that the two sons of Andronicus should appear to be the perpetrators of the horrid deed. The empress's own two sons, likewise, Chiron and Demetrius, were to be confederates in the plot, to render its success more secure; and they felt convinced from the stratagems they had contrived, that the whole of the Andronici would fall a sacrifice together.

In pursuance of the arrangements, of this dreadful combination, the most kind invitations were dispatched to Titus Andronicus, and his sons, to the prince Bassianus and Lavinia, and to all the patricians of the court, to a grand banquet, which was to be preceded by a noble hunt. The hunt was to take place in a forest, celebrated for its gloom and intricacy, and by the wildness of the scenery, peculiarly adapted to the amusement of the chase, for such desperate hunters, who delighted to pursue the most ferocious, and terrific animals. And who could conceive no pleasures but such as were attended by personal danger, requiring to display bravery and skill.

Here it was, in this scene of desolation and terror, that the empress, her vile agent, and her

two fiend-like sons, agreed to act their dreadful tragedy : which was planned with such art and judgment, that little fear could be entertained of its ultimate success. In the midst of the chase, (the horrors of which did not deter the most delicate Roman lady from attending it,) the empress and Aaron the Moor, separated themselves from the rest of the company, as she was most anxious to hear how he had finally managed his plans. He informed her that he had buried a large sum of money, near the entrance of a tremendous cavern, where he should also drop a letter, which he had contrived so, that she might pick it up, and give the emperor, as soon as the whole of his plot had been brought to bear :—he further added, that Bassianus and Lavinia were then approaching, gave her instructions to make a quarrel with them, however inconsistent ; that he would send her sons, on the moment, to resent for her whatever she might say in accusation against the innocent parties, from which circumstance, he said, rested all their hope of future revenge, and to her ingenuity he trusted for the improvement of the present opportunity.

In compliance with this detestable advice, the moment they appear, Tamora according to instruction began to reproach them very insultingly, for watching and interrupting her, when

she would wish to be alone. From this imputation they defend themselves, though not without some severe reflexions on the conduct of the empress, sufficient to have exasperated even a milder woman than Tamora; real rage now succeeds the assumed, and each being very high spirited, the contention became sufficiently warm to warrant the approach, and enquiring into the cause of it, of Chiron and Demetrius, without the suspicion of their being spies—on seeing them, their mother with equal falsehood and vehemence, thus accuses them to her sons.

(DEMETRIUS says)—

“How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious
mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?”

(When she answers.)

“Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren and detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.
Where never shines the sun; here nothing
breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But strait they told me, they would bind me
here

Unto the body of a dismal yew ;
And leave me to a miserable death.
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed :
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children."

To which horrible accusation, her son Demetrius answers—"This is a witness that I am your son."—And instantly stabs Bassianus to the heart: Lavinia, who has been witness to this detestable action, in the bitterness of her grief and despair, (and totally regardless of the dangerous situation she was in, in the society of such dreadful, cruel, and wicked people,) threatens them with the vengeance, disgrace and punishment, which will follow on her disclosing the extent of their crime. When, with the feelings of demoniacs, they cut out her tongue to

prevent her telling, and her hands to prevent her writing, any account of what they have perpetrated.

(This circumstance so horrible in itself, and so repugnant to nature, we may well suppose introduced only to heighten the tragic effect of the piece: as it is not to be imagined that a delicate young female, such as here described, could possibly have outlived such a dreadful mutilation, left as we are led to think without assistance or attention, in such a wild and solitary wilderness: but to proceed with the story, we must admit it.)

No sooner had these wretches finished this last unnatural action, than they drag the body of the murdered Bassianus to the mouth of the pit, before spoken of near which the money and the letter were deposited, and throw the body into it, after which they so carefully cover up its dangerous entrance, with bushes and brambles, that it cannot be perceived. They then go off leaving the wretched Lavinia, either to die or find her way home as she could, having now no apprehensions on her account of their transactions being discovered.

In the mean time the confederate Moor joining the sons of Andronicus, in the chase, tells them that he can shew them where a tiger is crouching whom they may rouse; which they,

pleased to hear, instantly follow him when he allures them to the fatal pit, where in eagerness, to see the prey Martius presses forward, and (according to the expectation of his enemy) falls into the concealed pit. Whilst the wily Aaron leaves the brothers thus situated.

It appears that Martius was not so much hurt by his fall, as he was astonished, by finding at the bottom the lifeless body of prince Bassianus. Not knowing the Moor had disappeared, he calls loudly on him and his brother for help, and mentions the dreadful spectacle which is presented to his eyes. His brother Quintus rushes forward to assist him; but whilst struggling to effect this, he likewise falls into the same calamity, at the moment, that, the treacherous Moor contrives to bring the emperor, the empress, (who immediately on the successful termination of her wicked plans, had joined the emperor,) Andronicus, and all the attending nobles, to the cavern, and in their progress the letter purposely deposited was taken up by Tamora, but reserved for the proper moment to shew to Saturninus.

They all approach the dismal entrance of the cave, and the emperor expresses his astonishment at its forbidding appearance, and dreary situation, but how much more was that astonishment encreased, when he found therein con-

tained the dead body of Bassianus, and the living ones of Quintus and Martius, the sons of Andronicus. Before he has time even to conjecture, or enquire, how these strange events happened, Tamora comes forward in a great agony, and presents the forged letter to the emperor, which she pretends to have found : which the emperor reads to this effect.

“ An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus ’tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him ;
Thou knowest our meaning : look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.—
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.”

The emperor on this fully confirmed in the suspicion, which had at first appearance of this scene entered his mind, commands the gold to be searched for in further corroboration of the fact. And Aaron (of course) had no difficulty in bringing it forth from the concealment, where he had placed it. This additional proof of their guilt is judged sufficient, and the emperor instantly doomes these two innocent young men to death, and gives an order for the banishment of their brother Lucius, to avert which sen-

tences, all the pleadings of the wretched father are fruitless.

Titus Andronicus, finding that every effort to save his innocent children is ineffectual, in his turn, meditates a deep and deadly revenge. And Lucius, the now only surviving son of Andronicus, immediately on his banishment, (on the same principle which actuates his father) joins the Goths, with whom the Romans had long been at war, and who were powerful enemies, and vows destruction to Rome. When they hear the reasons for his hatred, they receive him with the utmost joy and chuse him for their general.

During these proceedings Lavinia much recovered, contrives by a stick which she holds in her mouth, to trace on the sand the names of Chiron and Demetrius, as the perpetrators of the dreadful acts, which have taken place. On which Andronicus gets the two young men into his house, and there kills them. Inviting the emperor and Tamora to a grand entertainment, and likewise sending word to Lucius to come at the same time—he caused a part of the bodies to be made into dishes at his table, of which he persuaded the empress to partake, when she to his great delight had so done, he exultingly told her of what she had eaten: which, when found to be correct, a

might be expected) of blood and slaughter ensued, (as disgusting, as improbable) however, Tamora, Saturninus, Titus Andronicus, and Livinia are killed. At this moment Lucius arrives and he explains, to the astonished multitude, the causes which have produced these effects in the following speech.

“ Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That wicked Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murder’d our emperor’s brother ;
For their fell faults our brother’s were be-
headed ;

Our father’s tears despis’d ;
Lastly, myself unkindly banish’d,
The gates shut on me, and turn’d weeping out
To beg relief among Rome’s enemies ;
Who drown’d their enmity in my true tears,
And op’d their arms to embrace me as a
friend :

And I am the turn’d forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv’d her welfare with my blood ;
And from her bosom took the enemies point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent’rous body.

Alas ! you know, I am no vaunter, I ;
My scars can witness, dumb altho’ they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.

But soft ; methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise : O, pardon me ;

For when no friends are by, men praise themselves."

At the conclusion of this address, the senate and the whole of the citizens of Rome, are so extremely well pleased with Lucius, and feel so much sorrow and respect for his father Andronicus, and his ill-fated children's sufferings, that as a compensation for those injuries, they unanimously chuse him emperor. And he ascended the throne in the midst of general rejoicing, and universal approbation.

K I N G L E A R.

ENGLISH STORY.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

LEAR, King of Britain.

KING OF FRANCE

DUKE OF BURGUNDY

DUKE OF CORNWALL

DUKE OF ALBANY

EARL OF KENT

EARL OF GLOSTER

EDGAR } sons of Gloster.

EDMUND }

PHYSICIAN

GONERIL } daughters to King Lear.

REGAN }

CORDELIA }

THE STORY
OF
KING LEAR.

This tragedy (the story of which is so well known) commences at the period in which the two elder daughters of the king, are just given in marriage, Goneril (the eldest) to the duke of Albany—and Regan to the duke of Cornwall. In regal state king Lear orders these princes, with all the nobles of his court, to attend him, together with the king of France, and duke of Burgundy, who were both in England at this time, soliciting the hand of Cordelia, the youngest, and favourite daughter of Lear. The intention of this meeting was, that they might be present whilst he bestowed upon these his daughters such portions of his dominions, as it might appear to him, each one deserved. To discover this more fully, he thus addressed them.

“Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,

In three, our kingdom : and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age ;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death. Our son of
Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France
and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous
sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd—Tell me, my
daughters,

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule;
Interest of territory, cares of state,)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most ?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first."

To this request Goneril answered, that she
loved him far more dear, than eye-sight, space,
or liberty beyond what could be valued, rich
or rare, no less than life, graced with every
thing that could render it desirable, such as
youth, health, beauty and honour, as much as it
was possible, a child could love a father, and

that, such love as language was unable to express.

Lear highly delighted with the picture of her affection which this description gave him, thus continued.

“Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests, and with champains
rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-shirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's
issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second
daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall?—speak.”

To which question Regan replied, that she felt for him exactly as her sister did, that Goneril had fully expressed her sentiments, only that her words had fallen far too short, of what she could wish to convey to his ideas: as she was assured it was totally impossible for her ever to enjoy any other gratification in this world, but what originated in her love to him, and the hope of pleasing him.

Lear, hearing this, declared himself well satisfied with her answer, and next proceeded to make known his intentions respecting Regan, in these words:

“To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confirm’d on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Altho’ the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interested: what can you say, to
draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? speak.”

Cordelia, thus applied to by her father, declined making that ample, and extravagant profession of affection, which her sisters had done, and with great modesty, and simplicity, yet with energy, said—

“Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; not more, nor less.”

Lear greatly offended by this unadorned, (although sincere reply,) ordered her to think better on what she had said, and speak again: she returned, that she had well considered her duty towards him, and could add nothing to it: that she was perfectly sensible how good and affectionate he had always been to her, of the care he had taken of her infancy, and education, and she felt in return the most sincere love

and gratitude, for such kindness, "should ever obey, love, and most honour him." But beyond that she made no profession. On hearing this the king exclaimed in great passion—"so young and so untender," to which Cordelia answered—"so young my lord, and true." "Thy truth then be thy dower," the king haughtily replied, and added, that, that part of his dominions which he had intended for Cordelia, he should now divide between the dukes of Cornwall and Albany: on this decision, the earl of Kent, one of the king's most faithfully attached adherents, came forward to entreat him to reflect on what he was about to do. But in the most angry manner, Lear charged him "not to come between the dragon and his wrath;" and then proceeds with the equal division of his kingdom, to his two eldest daughters.

But the noble minded Kent, not intimidated by what the king had already said, again addressed him, in the most humble and imploring manner; and after speaking of his own unvarying attachment to his king, on every occasion adds.

"Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life, my
judgment,

U

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least ;
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness."

But this perseverance, and interposition on the part of the earl, of Kent, so much exasperated (this weak and vain king,) that he immediately ordered him into perpetual banishment, and says to him, in the utmost indignation.

" Take thy reward.

Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world ;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom : if, on the tenth day following,

Thy banish'd trunk be found on our dominions,
The moment is thy death."

The king of France, and the duke of Burgundy, (according to the orders of Lear) are ushered into his presence ; he then acquainted them with what had occurred, respecting his youngest daughter, and the consequences which had attended on her behaviour, and, that as Cordelia is now portionless, he wishes to know how far that circumstance may influence their intentions towards her ; and addressing himself first to the duke of Burgundy, he asked him,

whether, or not, his love for that princess was sufficiently strong to take her, for herself alone?—Burgundy, however, declined the alliance on these conditions. And Lear then makes the same proposal to the king of France, who in great amazement at this account, eagerly enquired what could possibly have happened, to have made so sudden a change in his disposition, that her, of whom he had always spoken in terms of the highest praise, as the balm of his age, the best, and dearest, should have in so short a space of time committed an offence, to merit such a punishment, exceeded his comprehension.

Cordelia, on this, humbly begs her father to explain the cause, and to acknowledge before those princes, that his anger does not arise from any crime, which she had committed, deserving disgrace, and misery, but merely from “the want of such a tongue as she is glad she does not possess; though the want of it, has lost her, her father’s love.”

The king of France, fully understanding that this alone was the true cause of the quarrel, excused it and thought it but a very trifling affair. He then himself, asked the duke of Burgundy again, if for this occasion, he entirely rejected the lady?—And Burgundy again declining her, the king of France, thus nobly

and generously speaks his sentiments to the dejected, and deserted Cordelia.

“Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being
poor ;

Most choice, forsaken ; and most lov'd, despis'd !

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon :

Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.

Gods, gods ! 'Tis strange, that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.

Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France :

Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy

Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind :

Thou lovest here,—a better where to find.”

On which, taking Cordelia with him, he departed for his own territories.

The earl of Gloster, another nobleman, much attached to the king, had two sons, by different mothers, the eldest Edgar, (who was the son of his lady) was a noble youth, possessed of every amiable, and generous quality, the second, Edmund, was quite the reverse to his brother, being as wicked and bad hearted as Edgar was good. But Edmund in exterior

beauty was his equal, being an extremely fine young man in person, and with a tongue as full of deceit and flattery, as was Goneril's and Regan's. And though envious, and jealous of Edmund beyond description, yet he so well concealed, those hateful passions, from the observation of his unsuspecting father and brother, that the earl loved him with extreme affection, and Edgar esteemed him with true fraternal regard and confidence. Thus circumstanced, and, the treacherous Edmund fully aware of the influence he had over these two worthy relatives, resolved to take advantage of it, to ruin his brother in the opinion of his father, in hopes by that means, to get him disinherited, and that he might enjoy all his father's property himself.

To effect this, he with great art, and by stratagem, insinuated into the mind of the earl of Gloster (who appears to be as weak and credulous as his master Lear) that Edgar had been persuading him to enter into a confederacy, with him, to murder their father, that they might share the property between them, and shows the earl a letter, from his brother, to this purpose. The horror of the earl, at hearing such a dreadful proposal, may easily be imagined; and the further to bring about his schemes, Edmund, at the same time, impresses

on the mind of his brother, that his father having heard something greatly to his disadvantage, is so extremely enraged against him, in consequence, that he advises him to keep out of his way for a short time, till he can find an opportunity to undeceive him, and reconcile them together. With this counsel Edgar promised to comply, though at the same time feels, and says, that he is totally unconscious of having done the most trifling thing, to give offence to his father. But Edmund, again assuring him it was nevertheless so, and reminding him of the impossibility of guarding against malicious tongues, he prevails on him to remain in a concealment where he can place him, and where he will bring his father, that he may overhear the conversation which may pass between them, concerning the cause of anger so violent against him.

But Edmund, artfully and wickedly, contrives to make the earl believe, that, because he would not come into the dreadful designs of Edgar, to kill his father, that his brother had set upon him; and that he had been obliged to fight with him, and also got wounded in the scuffle, and this he the more easily effected, by persuading Edgar to fly the moment the earl approached, and by slightly wounding his arm, with his

own sword, which corroborated what he had said.

The grief and horror of the unhappy father, on hearing this dreadful account, was extreme : but he promised to reward the affection, and fidelity, of Edmund, by giving him the whole of his fortune ; and that Edgar should be turned out to the world, to seek subsistence where he could find it.

Whilst these treacherous measures were taking place, under the roof of the earl of Gloster, others of an equally distressing tendency, were beginning to be manifest in the affairs of king Lear. Goneril, duchess of Albany, to whom his first visit with his hundred knights, (according to the stipulation which was made, when he gave away his kingdom and invested his daughters with all his powers. For himself he thus agreed.

“ Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain’d, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns.”)

Was by etiquette to be paid ; having now got possession of all she could ever hope for, from her confiding and indulgent father, conceived it unnecessary any longer to conceal the real senti-

ments, of her bad heart, which was so far from feeling any part of that affection she had so amply expressed, that she now meditated, only, how she should act, to render him most miserable. In this feeling (and in this only) she and her sister, the duchess of Cornwall, warmly united. And in a conversation with her steward—during her father's sojourn with her, she speaks of the king with great contempt, encourages him, and the rest of her domestics, to behave inattentively to him; and waving every appearance of duty, or tenderness towards him, thus continues her instructions, to her steward.

“ Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to
question :

If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
'That he hath given away !”

The good earl of Kent, plainly foreseeing what would be the consequence of the king's indiscretion, instead of leaving the kingdom disguised himself, so as to prevent any fear of discovery, and waiting near the palace of Goneril, for the king's return from hunting, with his

attendants, offered himself to Lear as a servant, the king, rather surprised at the request, asked him several questions, and being greatly pleased with the answers he received, engaged him to be about his person, and he was ordered to come with the king to his home: where Goneril having ordered her servants (as already mentioned) in what manner to behave, there could be but little doubt of their taking the very first opportunity, to insult, and irritate the self-deposed monarch. As little, also, could it be imagined, that the king would be disposed to pass by any instance of disrespect, from the servants of his daughter; and scarcely had he entered the palace, weary and hungry from the fatigues of the chace, before the impertinent steward behaved so ill, that Lear warmly resented it, and the contest grew so loud, that Goneril herself came forward to vindicate her own people, and to throw the blame upon his, whom she bitterly reproached as a most riotous, and disorderly set. And after a very aggravating speech, thus concludes.

“ I do beseech you sir,
To understand my purposes aright :
As you are old and reverend, you should be
wise :

Here do you keep an hundred knights and
squires ;

Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn ; epicurism and noise
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth
speak

For instant remedy : Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take, the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train ;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you."

The king, in the utmost rage, from these ungrateful, and unjust, observations, ordered all his train to make themselves ready to depart immediately, being determined to stay no longer, with a child who could use him so ill, but to go to Regan, who he says, he is assured will receive him kindly. And after many severe invectives against the cruelty of Goneril, he cannot help, still more forcibly, expressing how greatly he is hurt, by her speaking so vehemently against his chosen followers, whom in answer to her aspersions, he thus defends :

" My train are men of choice and rarest parts,

That all particulars of duty know :
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name."

He then sets out for the palace of the duke of Cornwall, sending the disguised Kent, on before, with a message, to prepare Regan for his presence so long before the expected period, and to intimate, in part, the cause which had occasioned it. But Goneril had contrived to send a messenger to her sister, as speedily as Lear had ; and as Regan was as cruel, (or even more so) than her sister, she was far more disposed to pay attention to her request, than to receive her poor father with friendship : but to prevent an immediate meeting with him, and to put it out of her power to accommodate him, she and her husband quitted their palace, and came (entirely unexpected) to the earl of Gloster, resolved by this means, to deprive him of every comfort and enjoyment ; he had flattered himself he should meet with, in her consolation and company.

King Lear finding, on his arrival, that the duke and his duchess, are gone on a visit to the earl of Gloster's followed them, to that nobleman's castle, wishing most anxiously to commune with them on the injuries he had received, and his intention of remaining with them.

But, if the behaviour of Goneril to her generous father is considered bad, and unworthy, that of Regan was ten times worse; and the first symptom of what the old king had to expect from her, was finding his messenger (the disguised earl of Kent) set in the stocks, on his arrival at Gloster's palace, by order of the duke of Cornwall, for some offence taken by that nobleman, in the delivery of his message.

After the king had repeatedly requested to see his daughter, and the duke, and after repeated evasions on their part to decline the interview, at last Regan and Cornwall attend him outside the castle. And when Lear began the sorrowful story, of Goneril's want of duty and respect, he is horror struck to find Regan warmly defend her conduct. And having informed her, that Goneril wished to diminish his train to fifty: she answered that her sister was perfectly right, advised him without further delay to return to her again, (as she herself was from home, and unprovided for his accommodation,) to be ruled in future by her sister's superior judgment, and to acknowledge to her "that he had wronged her."

Wounded deeply by his reception, and whilst he is declaring, that sooner than return to her and ask her forgiveness, he would undergo the severest misfortunes: Goneril also herself arrives,

that together they may drive their wretched father to extremities. To this purpose they consult together, in the most unfeeling and aggravating manner : each one saying, the king can do with fewer attendants, till from fifty, it is stated at twenty-five, from that to ten, and from ten to one, each saying in excuse, for this degrading intention, that their own servants can attend him, for Goneril thus continues.

“Hear me, my lord ;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you ?”

Regan adds—“What need one ?”

To which Lear answers—

“O, reason not the need : our basest beggars
Are in the poorest things superfluous :
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
And man’s life is cheap as beasts : thou art a
 lady ;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous
 wear’st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.”

Saying this the distracted father, overwhelmed with grief, turns from them and wanders away towards a dreary heath in the neighbourhood. A most violent tempest arose, almost at the moment he left his unnatural daughters, and Gloster who felt the utmost sorrow, for the wretched king, immediately followed him, in hopes of rendering him some service in this extremity.

The unhappy earl of Gloster was, at this period, suffering little less affliction than the king himself. Regan and the duke of Cornwall, had come to his castle, at the critical juncture, when he conceived his beloved son Edgar sought his life. The circumstances of that event could not be concealed from them, the base and deceitful Edmund seizing every opportunity to promote his own fortune, and ruin that of his brother: he therefore, related what he had to say against him, in such terms as best suited his designs. The duke and duchess, after expressing their detestation of the conduct of Edgar, consoled the father in the best manner the nature of the case would admit of. But to Edmund, their praise knows no bounds. They extol his bravery, his duty, and his judicious conduct, the duke promising him future rewards and honours; and that, from that time forward, he should be about his person. He next gave

orders that Edgar should be proclaimed, diligently sought after, and if found punished with the greatest severity. In addition to this the earl of Gloster was greatly distressed, by all which had so recently taken place. The placing the king's messenger in the stocks, so disgraceful to all concerned in it, and which originated in Kent's having twice met the messenger of Goneril, conveying under-hand intelligence against her father, and the earl enraged at the treachery of the daughters, was induced to use insulting language to Goneril's agent: which Cornwall hearing, and understanding, it was a person from the king, gave orders for such a punishment being inflicted on him, that cut the earl of Gloster to the heart. To crown the whole, of his miseries, he had seen his beloved, and revered, king treated in the manner described, and turned from his door, to wander about, in the dreadful storm, without food or shelter.

Under all these agonies of mind, and having in vain said and done, whatever he could to bring the duke and Regan to a better manner of acting, he had now set forth to seek the forlorn and heart broken monarch. Though ashamed, at the same time, of the meanness of the best offer in his power to make.

It so happened that poor Edgar, had taken the same road, favoured by the darkness of the

night, he had concealed himself to escape the threatened fury of his father, but trusting now to be able to accomplish it, he thus expresses his sorrows and his future plans.

“ I heard myself proclaim’d ;
And by the happy hollow of the tree,
Escap’d the hunt. No port is free ; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may escape,
I will preserve myself : and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast : my face I’ll grime with
filth ;
Blanket my loins ; elf all my hair in knots ;
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb’d, and mortified bare arms,
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary ;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with
prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turly good ! poor
Tom !

That's something yet:—Edgar, I nothing am."

The storm still continuing to rage violently, and Lear still rambling about, attended by the faithful Kent (who still remained undiscovered, even by the earl of Gloster, his particular friend,) and some others of his train come at last to a hovel, which Kent persuaded the king to enter; and in that wretched place Edgar had previously taken shelter, already, arrayed in the disguise of a mad Tom, a character (as he had described) at that time, not uncommon to go about soliciting charity. The king, by this time, from the extremity of his own distress, from passion, disappointment, the dreadful commotion of the elements, and the contagious sympathy of a mad person, which Edgar acted with great truth, became himself bewildered and unsettled in his brain. And by the time he had began to enter into discourse with mad Tom, Gloster had fortunately traced his steps, and discovered where he had concealed himself. To his extreme sorrow he found the king's mind quite unhinged, and his speech wild, and incoherent; however, Gloster by the assistance of those with him, had the king conveyed to a chamber in a farm house, near his castle, where he promised to visit them again almost immediately, leaving the wretched mad

Tom behind in the hovel, whom the earl little imagined was his beloved, and dutiful son Edgar.

On his return from this dreary expedition, meeting Edmund he could not refrain in the fullness of his heart, to speak his sentiments without reserve, on the base behaviour of the king's children, of their disgraceful conduct to him, to his messenger, and in short of every action, since the king had given them all; and further in the extent of paternal confidence, informed Edmund, that he had that night received a letter which brought intelligence from France, that a party had been formed there, who were about to land at Dover, with the determined purpose to support and reinstate the king, that he was shocked at the circumstances which had occurred, and was now going to return to where he had left the king, to administer to his necessities, and to forward his removal to Dover.

Without the least reserve, did the fond father confide this important news, to his beloved Edmund, and proceeded on his charitable and loyal office, in which he so far succeeded, that having formed a kind of litter, and the exhausted monarch having fallen into a sound sleep, Kent and the rest of his faithful associates set off, with their valued burden, on their way to Dover.

Whilst Gloster had been thus laudably employed, the treacherous Edmund with an unparalleled cruelty, had disclosed to the duke and Regan, the plans formed for the assistance of Lear, which his father had communicated to him, (in the fullest reliance on his honour and secrecy,) and further, that Gloster was, at that moment, employed in endeavouring to give every aid in his power, towards the restoration of the king.

The consequence of this intelligence was, that as a reward for this unnatural depravity, the duke instantly bestowed upon Edmund, the whole of his father's property and his title, saluting him earl of Gloster, and immediately dispatching him with the important news to the duke of Albany, that they might be prepared to meet the danger, and also, the duke added, "that the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding." And readily did the monster, Edmund, leave the poor old man to their merciless treatment: no sooner was Edmund gone on this commission, than the wretched Gloster, was brought before the detestable duke and duchess, and after accusing him of high treason, in the most violent and offensive manner, the duke ordered his eyes to be put out: from the earl's

having said, he should live to see a judgment come upon them for their wickedness.

This cruel order was fulfilled, though one of the duke's attendants had the courage, and humanity to protest against it, on which the duke in extreme passion ran on his attendant with his drawn sword, the man defended himself, and in the scuffle the duke received a mortal wound : but Regan, in revenge, stabbed the servant to the heart, and killed him, and his expostulations neither saved the eyes of the unhappy Gloster or his own life. But yet he triumphed, as the wound Cornwall then received, from his sword, cost him, likewise, his life. But the tyrannic and cruel duke, lived long enough to turn the earl of Gloster from the door of his own castle, a sightless beggar. In this dreadful extremity, he called on his son Edmund, to assist, and revenge him ; when they exultingly informed him, that it was Edmund who had betrayed him, being far too good to be able to conceal the treasons of so wicked a father. This sentence fell like a thunder bolt, on the ear of the wretched father, to find such depravity from a child, whom he had so tenderly loved. But, at the same time, it fully convinced him of the innocence of Edgar, and how unjustly he had been accused ; and his agonies were (if possible) encreased by this distressing reflexion, as he

condemned himself most severely, for his precipitate credulity and folly.

Having thus turned him out, the miserable earl determined on travelling to Dover, if he could get a guide to conduct him there, that he would then get to the top of the tremendous cliff, from which it was his fixed intention to throw himself, so that he might be dashed to pieces, to end his insupportable existence. Edgar (who was still lingering about the neighbourhood) beheld his father in the deplorable state, to which he had thus been reduced, and resolved to guard and protect him, though still assuming, and keeping up the character of mad Tom. But as they proceeded, and he better understood his father's purposes, he assumed the manners of a peasant, and induced Gloster to believe that he was ascending Dover cliff, and that he had reached the utmost extremity of it. The earl rather doubting, their having arrived there, Edgar to assure him further, gives this description of the prospect from the summit.

“Come on sir ;—here's the place :—stand still.—

How fearful

And dizzy tis, to cast one's eyes so low !

The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway
air,

Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way
down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful
trade !
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head :
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock ; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring
surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chases,
Cannot be heard so high :—I'll look no more ;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."

The earl, from this speech, believing that he has in reality arrived, where he would wish to be, he amply rewarded his imagined guide, and desired him to leave him, which when he thinks is complied with, he throws himself from what he supposes the top of the cliff, but which was only plain ground. Edgar who had watched him, then came forward, still continuing to make him believe he had fallen from the top, and that he has been miraculously preserved from injury—speaking in a disguised voice, the earl had no idea it was the same person who had attended him the whole time, but became from this wonderful preservation, more reconciled to

life, (as was Edgar's hope and intention) and enabled to bear with more fortitude, the weight of his grievous misfortunes.

Lear, during this period, had been conveyed to Dover, where Cordelia and the French forces were already arrived ; and great was the sorrow of that amiable princess, to receive her honoured father in the condition to which he was reduced to, by the ingratitude of her sisters. However, the skilful physician whom she consulted, respecting his present state, gave her every possible hope of the recovery of his perfect reason, when he should awake from the profound sleep, into which the medicines, which had been administered, had thrown him. This joyful intelligence determined the queen to watch by him, till this happy crisis took place, and seated herself by him, on the rich couch whereon he was placed, having also had costly robes put on him during his sleep, correspondent to his dignity. And whilst she is so anxiously attending him, she thus ejaculates.

“ O my dear father ! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made !”

At length the king awoke, composed, and in

perfect recollection. But his reason was, almost, again overpowered, when he beheld the dutiful Cordelia, kneeling beside him, administering to him required aid, and imploring his blessing. When he fully comprehended all the particulars of her affectionate attention, his joy, and gratitude to her knew no bounds, but were obliged to be cautiously restrained by the careful physician, and by his no less anxious and careful nurse, the affectionate Cordelia.

But, the hostile intention the French army came with, and the resistance to be made on the part of the English, were events of too much serious import, to be long delayed. And an engagement, between the two armies, soon took place. The duke of Cornwall being dead, from the wound given him by his servant, the duke of Albany and Edmund commanded the English, and several very brave French officers, conducted the French soldiers. But in this battle, fortune favoured the bad, and the good were unsuccessful, the French were defeated, and Lear and Cordelia taken prisoners.

Edmund (who on this occasion appeared as the principal) ordered the royal captives into close confinement : and secretly bribed the person in whose custody they were, to murder them in the prison, which for the reward, he readily undertook to do.

The duke of Albany (who throughout the whole story, appears to be a good and amiable prince,) began now to think Edmund exceedingly presuming, and was highly offended at the liberty he had taken, in disposing of Lear and Cordelia, without previously consulting him. And this dislike was greatly increased, from a letter presented to him by Edgar, (still in the disguise of a peasant) in which he accuses Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, of all the crimes of which he truly had been guilty, promising to make good his assertions by single combat, whenever summoned by trumpet so to do : at the same time assuring the duke that he bore a rank which permitted him this privilege. The duke promised to fulfil his request, and accordingly shewed the defiance to Edmund, who by no means deficient in personal bravery, immediately accepted the challenge. The heralds, accordingly, proclaim the combat, Edgar immediately appeared in complete armour, and on its being demanded by Edmund, what is the cause of quarrel, Edgar answers.

—————“Draw thy sword ;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice : Here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath and my profession : I protest,—

Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,

Despite thy victor sword, and fire new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor :
False to thy Gods, thy brother, and thy father ;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince ;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
And most toad-spotted traitor.”

The combat ensued, in which Edgar is victorious, and Edmund mortally wounded : who, when he finds himself dying, confesses his wickedness, and adds, that he is anxious to do one good act, if not too late, and entreated them to send that instant to the prison, where the king and Cordelia are confined, to prevent if possible, his order for their deaths being put into execution. Instantly messengers are dispatched for this purpose, but they arrive too late, Cordelia was already murdered, and the wretched king very shortly after died of a broken heart.

The two wicked sisters, Goneril and Regan also died. Goneril had poisoned Regan, from jealousy, each being fond of Edmund. And afterwards finding how despicable she had become, from all the abominable acts she had committed, she killed herself.

The earl of Kent now made himself known to the good duke of Albany, as does also Edgar ; Kent recounts all his adventures to the duke, informing him that he had never forsaken the king, in all his distresses, but had followed him disguised as his servant. And, he also listens with attention to the still more melancholy recital of Edgar, his father's misfortunes being so utterly incapable of alleviation. He had beside to add, an account of the death of that valued parent, and after describing his own disguises, and his wanderings about with his father, he thus concludes.

“ Became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, tho' hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage : But his flaw'd heart,
(A lack, too weak the conflict to support !)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.”

The duke of Albany was much interested, and afflicted by these relations : but resolved, without delay, to do every thing in his power

to mitigate their misfortunes. He therefore restored to these noblemen, their unjustly forfeited property, took them into his peculiar favour, and their lives (it is to be supposed) under the government of so good a man, terminated happily.

(* There is an old historical ballad in the edition of Shakspeare, of King Lear, and his three daughters : which being thought likely to add to the amusement of the juvenile reader, (and also being scarce) will be here introduced.)



*A Lamentable song, of the death of king Lear
and his three daughters.*

King Lear, once ruled in this land,
With princely power and peace :
And had all things, with heart's content,
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things, that nature gave,
Three daughters fair, had he,

* This ballad is supposed by some, to be older than the play ; and the foundation of it.

So princely seeming beautiful
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king,
A question thus to move ;
Which of his daughters, to his grace
Could shew the dearest love.
For to my age, you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear,
Which of you three, in plighted troth,
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began :
Dear father mind, quoth she
Before your face, to do you good,
My blood should rendered be.
And for your sake, my bleeding heart,
Should here be cut in twain,
E're that I see your reverend age,
The smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said ;
Dear father for your sake,
The worst of all extremities,
I'll gentle undertake.
And serve your highness night and day,
With diligence and love,
That sweet content, and quietness,
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,
The aged king replied :
But what say'st thou, our youngest girl,
How is thy love ally'd ?
My love, (quoeth young Cordelia then)
Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child
And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou shew no more, quoeth he,
Than doth thy duty bind ?—
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find.
Henceforth, I banish thee my court,
Thou art no child of mine :
Nor any part, of this my realm
By favour, shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters love me more,
Than well I can demand :
To whom, I equally bestow,
My kingdom, and my land.
My pompal state, and all my goods,
That lovingly I may,
With those thy sisters, be maintain'd,
Until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown,
By these two sister's here :

The third, had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear.
For poor Cordelia, patiently,
Went wand'ring up, and down,
Unhelp'd, unpitied, gentle maid,
Through many an English town.

Until at last, in famous France,
She gentler fortunes found :
Tho' poor, and bare, yet she was deem'd,
The fairest on that ground.
And when the king, her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen :
With full consent of all his court,
He made his wife, and queen.

Her father, old king Lear, this while,
With his two daughters staid :
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full soon, the same decay'd.
And living in queen Regan's court,
The eldest of the twain ;
She took from him, his chiefest means,
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men, were wont,
To wait with bended knee :
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after, scarce to three.

Nay, one she thought too much for him,
So took she all away ;
In hope, that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have :
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave.
I'll go unto my Goneril,
My second child I know,
Will be more kind, and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court,
Where when she hears his moan ;
Return'd him answer, that she griev'd
That all his means were gone.
But no way could relieve his wants,
Yet if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he might have
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,
He made this answer then :
In what I did, let me be made,
Example to all men.
I will return again, quoth he,
Unto my Regan's court,

She will not use me thus I hope,
But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command,
To drive him hence away :
When he was well, within her court,
(She said) he would not stay.
Then back again to Goneril,
The woeful king did hie ;
That in her kitchen, he might have
What scullion boys set by.

But there, of that he was deni'd,
Which she had promis'd late ;
For once refusing, he should not,
Come after to her gate.
Thus 'twixt his daughters, for relief,
He wander'd up and down ;
Being glad to feed on beggar's food,
Who lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then,
His youngest daughter's words :
That said, the duty of a child
Was all that love affords.
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so ;
Grew frantic mad ; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe.

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,
And tresses from his head :
And all with blood bestain'd his cheeks
With age, and honour spread.
To hills, and woods, and wat'ry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills, and woods, and senseless things,
Did seem to sigh, and groan.

Even thus possess'd with discontents,
He passed o'er to France :
In hopes from fair Cordelia there
To find some gentler chance.
Most virtuous dame ; which when she heard,
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent,
Him comfort, and relief.

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant sort :
She gave in charge, he should be brought,
To Aganippu's court.
Whose royal king with noble mind
So freely gave consent,
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
To repossess king Lear ;

And drive his daughters from their thrones,
By his Cordelia dear.
Where she, true-hearted noble queen,
Was in the battle slain ;
Yet he, good king, in his old days
Possess'd the crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love
Of her dear father ; in whose cause,
She did the battle move.
He swooning fell upon her breast,
From whence he ne'er parted ;
But on her bosom, left his life,
That was so truly hearted.

The lords, and nobles, when they saw,
The end of these events ;
The other sisters unto to death,
They doomed by consents.
And being dead, their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin ;
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
And disobedient sin.

KING
RICHARD THE SECOND.
ENGLISH STORY.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

KING RICHARD

DUKE OF LANCASTER

EDMUND DUKE OF YORK

DUKE OF HEREFORD

DUKE OF AUMERLE

DUKE OF NORFOLK

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

BISHOP OF CARLISLE

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER

SIR PIERCE of Exton

EARL MARSHALL

QUEEN

DUCHESS OF YORK

KING RICHARD

THE SECOND.

“ This play is extracted from the Chronicles of Hollingshed, in which many passages may be found which Shakspeare has, with very little alteration, transplanted into his scenes. The action of this drama begins by Bolingbroke’s appealing the duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398, and it closes with the murder of king Richard, at Pomfret Castle, towards the end of the year 1400—or the beginning of the ensuing year.”

The play opens with a scene, in one of the royal apartments, where the king is sitting attended by many of his nobles, amongst whom is John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, the king’s uncle, &c. &c. The king addresses himself to this nobleman, calling him.

“ Old John of Gaunt, time-honour’d Lancaster.”

And asked if he had brought his son with him, (the bold Henry of Hereford) to make good his boisterous appeal against Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk ?

Being answered in the affirmative, the king further enquires, whether, or no, he has sounded his son, as to the motives which have induced him to accuse the duke of Norfolk : if from ancient malice against him, or from some treachery discovered in that nobleman ? To which the duke replied, by an assurance, that it was on the king's account, and his duty to him occasioned it, no private revenge. The king then commands, that both the contending nobles shall come into his presence ; when each, as he entered, addressed a speech to the king, in which he prayed for the choicest blessing on him, health, length of days, and every earthly happiness. The king condescendingly thanked them both, for the good will thus expressed : but observed, that, one of them must only flatter him, and could not be sincere in his good wishes towards him, as the nature of their present meeting but too plainly testified, which was to accuse each other of high treason ; and then desired his cousin, of Hereford, to declare before him what he had to say against the duke of Norfolk.

Bolingbroke began by protesting, that, what-

ever he had to bring forward against that nobleman, was done "in the devotion of a true subject's love," and not in hatred, disrespect, or envy. And then goes on accusing him of a number of crimes of a dreadful nature; said, that he had embezzled money which was intended for the public use, that he would prove, (with his life) that he had been the plotter, and contriver, of all the treasons and tumults which had taken place for the last eighteen years; and finally, that he had been the abettor, and instigator, of the murder of the good duke of Gloucester. And all these things he swore, "by the glorious worth of his descent,"—to be revenged on Mowbray for, and would with his sword and life maintain.

The duke of Norfolk, highly incensed by these insulting allegations against his honour, deeply deplored that it was so near a relation of the king's, who had uttered them, as that caused him to bear it, otherwise, that, he could quickly prove his innocence to the shame—of that "slander of his blood" the haughty Hereford. To this the king answered, that his eyes and ears were impartial, and that were it his "brother, or even his kingdom's heir," he should be ready to hear, and attend to his justification. That each was his subject, and as such had equal right to speech and justice.

The duke, then began to clear himself by saying, that, the money he was accused of appropriating to his own use, was applied to the service of the state, except a small portion, reserved to himself, as the payment of a debt the king owed him. And as to the death of the duke of Gloster, he declared himself perfectly free from that stain, and added, all the rest proceeded from the rumour of a villian, against whom, with his sword, he boldly would defend himself; and humbly entreated the king to name the day when this deadly deed should be decided.

The king having patiently attended to their invectives against each other, and being unwilling to give way to the spirit of revenge with which they were both inflamed, did all he could by argument to dissuade them from this enterprise; the duke of Lancaster also joined in this endeavour, but in vain, their fiery spirits could not be controlled, and nothing less than blood would satisfy their honour. At length the king agreed to its being thus decided, and orders are given to the heralds to make preparations for the combat, and, at the same time, he commanded the combatants, to be ready, (as their lives should answer it) to meet at Coventry, upon St. Lambert's day. The business thus far settled the king retired, and the nobles se-

parated to make their several preparations, to meet each other at the appointed time and place.

The important day being arrived, and the lists prepared by the heralds at Gosford Green, near Coventry, and every arrangement made which the pompous ceremony these fatal conflicts demanded, (and, which in those days had such a powerful influence over the senses.) The company began to assemble; first the king, who took his seat on the throne erected for that purpose, the duke of Lancaster next, accompanied by the nobles of highest rank, to which succeeded those of inferior rank, when all were seated according to their station: for a few moments there was an awful silence, all being in anxious expectation of the grand event depending. But soon, that, was broken by the martial notes of a trumpet, which was speedily answered by another, and immediately after the duke of Norfolk appeared in complete armour, preceded by a herald.

The king, according to the etiquette observed on these occasions, says to the lord marshal.—

“ Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms :
Ask him his name ; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.”

The herald then desired him, in God's name, and the king's, to say who, and what he is? And why he came in knightly arms; against what man, and what the quarrel? To which the duke immediately answered.

“My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;

Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate!)

Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of himself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!”

The trumpet again sounding, Bolingbroke came into the lists, preceded by a herald, and in complete armour also; and having the same questions asked him by the lord marshal: the duke answered nearly in the same strain, declaring his name, titles, and the reasons of his enmity. The lord marshal after giving some general orders, to be attended to during the combat, to prevent accidents, or interruption, informed the king, that Bolingbroke entreated

permission to kiss his hand, and take his leave :
on which the king answered.

“ We will descend, and fold him in our arms.”

After the king had taken an affectionate farewell of his cousin, the duke of Hereford ; that nobleman addressed himself to all his friends, as though about to be separated from them for ever. And, then turning to his father made a most pathetic speech to him, in which he expresses the high sense of the duty he owes to him, saying—

“ O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point.”

The duke of Norfolk next took leave of the king, and his friends, and says whatever may be his fate in the combat, he lives, or dies, a true and faithful subject to his king. The king speaks very kindly to him, observing that he saw—“ virtue and valour crouched in thine eye.” And then commands that the ceremony shall proceed.

The herald then presented a lance to each of the combatants, and declared to the public their intention of instantly settling their quarrel by the sword. At that moment, the king arose from his throne, and giving orders that those two noblemen should again stand before him, but without either helmet, or spear, to hear what he had decreed concerning them: they obeying his command, he acquainted them, that, he was fully determined that the noble blood of either should not be shed, that it was a dangerous example, and not to be countenanced or encouraged by him, but as it was, they should not remain together, as he could not make them friends. "He was not born to sue, but to command,"—and therefore he should banish them both his kingdom, the duke of Hereford for ten years; and the duke of Norfolk for life. The noblemen, on whom this sentence was passed, were greatly surprised, and appeared to receive the doom as a most severe punishment. The duke of Norfolk answered—



"A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness'
mouth."

and continued to bewail his banishment, more (almost) than might be supposed he would.

The king likewise thought it necessary, before he quitted these turbulent nobles, to make each of them take a solemn oath, that they never should—

“ Embrace each other’s love in banishment ;
Nor never look upon each other’s face ;
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate.
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
’Gainst us, our state, our subiects, or our land.”

After this, in consideration of the respect he bore to his uncle John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, the king shortened the banishment of Bolingbroke to six years, saying to him on that occasion.

“ Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish’d years
Pluck’d four away ;—Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.”

Before the duke of Norfolk quitted the presence, after again making the most solemn asseveration as to his innocence : he made one

prophecy respecting Bolingbroke, which was but too soon and fatally verified ; Norfolk adds.

“ But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do
know ;

And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.”

After the king, and the duke of Norfolk were gone, the duke of Lancaster endeavoured to cheer up the spirits of his son, desiring him to think on his banishment, as if it was his travelling for pleasure, or sent by him for his improvement, or that, he was avoiding by it a pestilence which had infected his country, to determine to be pleased and content, and to feel, “ that there is no virtue like necessity :” that he must.

“ Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence
strew'd ;

The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance.”

“ All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.”

But it is in vain, that the father thus encou-

rages him, and tried to reconcile him to his fate, for in answer to these consoling remarks, he says,

“O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imaginations of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December’s snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer’s heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.”

The two dukes, then, according to the king’s command, set out on their banishment, the duke of Norfolk for life; the duke of Hereford for six years.

Their removal from the court, which the circumstance of their appeal occasioned, appeared to give the greatest satisfaction to the king, and to his peculiar favourites. It being an event, thus brought about by accident, which removed from the king’s presence, persons of whom he had a presentiment that something would arise injurious to him; and this idea was encouraged, and increased, by those insidious people, which it was the fatal misfortune of this prince to have about his person, and in his fullest confidence.

A rebellion which at that moment raged in

Ireland, rendered it absolutely necessary that the king should go there, and in person endeavour to quell it. But this was a business which required great supplies, and the king was utterly at a loss to know in what manner he should obtain further sums, sufficient for carrying on the war. But whilst he and his confederates were planning, several arbitrary and improper methods of extorting money from his subjects, (every possible scheme to that end, that could be countenanced by parliament having, already, been put in execution) intelligence was brought to him, that the duke of Lancaster was dangerously ill, and that he earnestly requested to see and converse with him, before he departed this life.

This news was the most joyful, to the unprincipled and embarrassed Richard, that could ever have been communicated to him : he knew the duke of Lancaster possessed immense wealth, and he felt determined (if his disease should prove mortal) to avail himself of his cousin Bolingbroke's absence, to seize, and convert to his own use, and to the expences of the Irish war, whatever the duke might die possessed of. His companions, to whom he imparted these resolves, were equally delighted as himself ; and he instantly prepared to pay his visit of duty, and condolence, to the expiring prince, his uncle,

attended by such nobles as he thought proper to select, saying to those in his confidence —

“ Now put it, heaven, in his physician’s mind,
To help him to his grave immediately !
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars. —
Come, gentlemen, let’s all go visit him :
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too
late !”

On the arrival of the king, queen, and their train, at Ely house, (where the duke resided) they were introduced into his presence, the king and queen expressed much sorrow for his illness : but he could not forbear from reproaching the king, on account of his son’s banishment, nor from much fatherly advice, accompanied by disapprobation of former conduct, and instruction for future, condemned the general mismanagement of his affairs, deplored the grievous taxations he had levied on the common people, and the heavy fines he had laid on the nobles, by which means he had made both ranks his enemies : and warned him of the ensuing bad consequences, attending his proceedings ; as a dying parent anxious for his welfare, and as a patriot, to whom the interest and happiness of his country was above all things dear.

King Richard was most highly offended at the liberty of speech, and unrestrained animadversions of his uncle, and though he saw he was dying, did not refrain from shewing his resentment, and returning the most unfeeling, and irritating answers to what he had said to him, and in great anger replied, that he—

“ Presuming on an ague’s privilege,
Dar’st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek ; chasing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my seat’s right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward’s son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend
shoulders.”

! Weak as the duke was, he made a suitable reply to this unnatural, and unbecoming speech, and they separated, the dying Lancaster retiring to his bed, the king and his nobles still continuing in conversation with, his other uncle, the duke of York, who appeared to be extremely solicitous to reconcile his brother, and his nephew. But whilst talking on the subject, word was brought to the king, that the duke of Lancaster was dead. The duke of York was much shocked. But the king could not for a

moment, conceal either from his uncle, or the nobles attendant on him, the joy which this event gave him: and he, without delicacy or scruple, immediately announced his intention of taking possession of all the valuable effects, the duke had left behind him. The duke of York was for some moments struck dumb with surprise, by the king's open avowal of so shameful an action, but recovering, he attempted to oppose his intention, by these words.

“ How long shall I be patient ? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private
 wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke*
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first ;
In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman :

* When the duke of Hereford went into France, he would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, but the king prevented it.

His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours ;
But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends : his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won :
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood, ;
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between."

(And in continuation.)

"Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ?
Is not Gaunt dead ? and doth not Hereford
live ?

Was not Gaunt just ? and is not Harry true ?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?
Is not that heir a well deserving son ?"

But the unfortunate monarch, totally regardless of his uncle's admonition, and well-intended reproof, seized on the whole of Lancaster's immense property, and immediately after set out on his expedition to Ireland. The astonished (and also dissatisfied) nobles, who had been witnesses to this extraordinary and unprecedented proceeding of the king's, could not refrain from entering into a conversation on the subject, in which, by degrees unfolding each other's senti-

ments, on the occasion, they discovered their mutual disapprobation, of the whole of the king's conduct. At length the earl of Northumberland mentioned, in the strictest confidence, that the duke of Hereford was on his passage home, and would very shortly arrive at Ravenspur with a fleet of ships, and an army of men, by whose means, he would quickly recover his patrimony. All those whom the earl imparted this important intelligence to, were delighted at it; and instantly, each one, declared his determined resolution to join the duke, with the best assistance each one could bring, the moment he landed at Ravenspur. So that the unfortunate Richard, had scarcely departed the realm, in the hopes of quelling the rebellion in Ireland, before a much more dangerous confederacy had broken out in the heart of his own kingdom; and arrived at an unconquerable height, before he had ever entertained the least suspicion of its existence.

On the landing of Bolingbroke, with the alarming company which he had brought with him, the duke of York (who was appointed regent, during the king's absence,) went to meet him, in the hope by argument, and persuasion, of bringing him into subjection. But the justice of the duke's claim was such, that the good duke could scarcely justify the actions of the

king, but he reminded the duke of his banishment, and that he had no right to return until it was expired : to which Bolingbroke replied.

" As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford ;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :
You are my father, for, methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father !
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond ; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts ? Wherefore was I born ?
If that my cousin king, be king of England,
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the
bay." &c. &c.

The duke of York was much moved by this appeal to his feelings of affection, and equity ; and though warm in the cause of the king, and loyalty, he could not possibly blame his nephew, for the occasion which brought him home. All that he could say was, to express his earnest wishes for an amicable adjustment between the

king and duke, to entreat the duke to recollect his duty to his sovereign, and a command, forbidding any hostile act. And, Bolingbroke again assured him, on the honour of a true knight, and a prince, that nothing was further from his intention; that he came there, with no other motive, but to claim his own, which being restored he should be perfectly content.

The grand commotion, the return of the duke of Hereford so unexpectedly, and so attended, had occasioned the earl of Salisbury, to collect hastily together an army of Welshmen, which he encamped on the coast of Wales, where they expected the king would land, on his return from Ireland; messengers having been dispatched to him, with accounts of what had taken place, and to expedite his return. But delayed in his return from Ireland, and a report that he was dead, gaining strength, from his being detained by contrary winds, those who had thus met to support the cause of the king, became dispirited, and the more so, in consequence of superstitious terrors, for when the loyal earl of Salisbury earnestly entreated them, saying,

“Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;
The king reposeth all his confidence
In thee.”

(He was answered by the Captain.)

“’Tis thought, the king is dead ; we will not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither’d,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
The pale-fac’d moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look’d prophets whisper fearful change ;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—

The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war :
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell ; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur’d, Richard their king is dead.”

Upon this, they all dispersed, and numbers of them went and joined the army of Bolingbroke. The disconsolate earl of Salisbury, then set out with a heavy heart, to meet the king on his landing, assured as he was that he must fall, as his ruin would be complete. The Welsh army had scarcely given up, and abandoned the cause of the misguided Richard, before he arrived in safety on the Welsh coast, and in the joy with which he was inspired, on his first landing, he thus exclaims.

———“ I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though rebels wound thee with their horses'
hoofs :

As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meet-
ing ;

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense :
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way ;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee."

The few attendant nobles and followers, that, the king had with him, encouraged him with the hope of speedily subduing the enemy who gave him, then, so much trouble : but in the midst of their prognostics of a happy termination to his present difficulties, the earl of Salisbury arrived with the fatal tidings of the dispersion of the Welshmen, and that numbers of them had already joined the army of Bolingbroke. Lord Scroop, also, came at the same time, bringing further intelligence of the increasing power of the duke, of his having put to death some of his principal favourites ; and of many other circumstances, all tending to prove the dreadful dilemma to which the wretched monarch was re-

duced. The king distracted and bewildered, by the variety of distressing events, which now combine, almost in despair, thus answered to the enquiry of the duke Aumerle, to lord Scroop, of where his father was with his forces ?

“ No matter where ; of comfort no man speak :
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills :
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death ;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.”

After having thus sorrowingly expressed himself, the bishop of Carlisle, who was of his party, observed to him, that

——“ Wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.” &c.

by a proper exertion of their energies and industry, to overcome every obstacle which opposed them. The king thus reasoned with, endeavoured to rouse himself a little, from the

despondency he was beginning to give way to ; and himself, and all his train retired into Flint Castle, there to take up their abode, till some arrangement could take place, between the king and the haughty and successful Bolingbroke. The duke of Lancaster had early intelligence of where the king had taken up his quarters, and being anxious to bring his business to a speedy conclusion, soon presented himself before the gates of that castle, and humbly entreated (by a message to that purpose, through the medium of the earl of Northumberland) to be permitted,

“ On both his knees to kiss king Richard’s
hand ;

And send allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person : hither come
Even at his feet to lay his arms and power ;
Provided that, his banishment repeal’d,
And lands restor’d again, be freely granted.”

The duke ordered the earl of Northumberland to deliver this message, whilst he and his men, in silence, awaited the reply. After the usual ceremonies observed, on occasions of parle, between contending powers, king Richard appeared upon the walls of the castle, and after some conversation with Northumberland, being assured by him, that the duke demanded no-

thing more from him than his natural right of succession to his father's property, which if once granted, he swears on his honour that—

“ His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.”

King Richard, soothed by this message from his cousin, full of duty and courtesy, instead of the defiance he expected, immediately replied.

“ Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns ;
His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.”—

Scarcely had the earl passed on, to deliver this answer to the expecting Bolingbroke, before the king repented of the gentle and humiliating manner he had spoken in. And seeing that nobleman returning again, quicker than he expected, with feelings much excited and mortified, he said to Northumberland.

“What must the king do now? Must he submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?

The king shall be contented: Must he lose

The name of king? o'God's name, let it go:

I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;

My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;

My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;

My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;

My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;

My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;

And my large kingdom for a little grave.”

However, as soon as the earl could get an opportunity of speaking, he told him that Bolingbroke waited in the “base court,” to pay his duty to his sovereign. Richard immediately descended and joined him, and that nobleman assuring him that he came with no intention to act contrary to his allegiance, and the king appearing to be satisfied with these professions, the breach between them was apparently made up, and they set out for London together.

Soon after their arrival in the metropolis, Bolingbroke still keeping the upper hand, and every hour increasing in power: king Richard began to conceive that the only way to preserve his life was by resigning, by his own free act and deed, (what he felt assured he very speedily

should be compelled to do by force,) his throne and territories, into the hands of the aspiring and ambitious Bolingbroke. According to this desperate resolution, whilst Bolingbroke was sitting in Westminster Hall, surrounded by all the lords spiritual and temporal, the duke of York entered with a message from the king, declaring his intention of a formal resignation of his crown in favour of the duke of Lancaster. The duke eagerly caught at this proposal, instantly accepted it, and not content with its being thus publicly proposed and agreed to, required the further humiliation of the wretched king: that, he in person should come into that assembly, and in the presence of all there met, give up the government of the kingdom into his hands.

The bishop of Carlisle violently protested against these proceedings, and spoke much in favour of the fallen monarch, and in consequence of expressing his sentiments, with so little reserve, was immediately arrested for treason, and committed to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster. The king then entered the hall, accompanied by his uncle, the duke of York, to make the required resignation: no scene could be conceived more distressing, than the degraded one to which this noble prince was reduced by his follies and misconduct: well may it be

imagined, that it was with the utmost reluctance he thus appeared before his own subjects, and severely did he reproach himself for all the improprieties he had been guilty of, and deeply did he repent of transactions now past recall. The nobles, likewise, there present he reprimanded with acrimony, for their faithless apostacy, but justly reflected on himself as the original cause from his neglecting his princely duties. During this time, the earl of Northumberland was earnestly soliciting him to read a paper, which he presented, containing a regular acknowledgement of his abdication, for the satisfaction of the commons: but rejecting it, he requested that a mirror might be brought to him, saying—

“ I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's---myself.”

And, when the glass was brought, he continued.

“ Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering
glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,

Thou dost beguile me ! Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men ? Was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink ?
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke ?
A brittle glory shineth in this face :
As brittle as the glory is the face ;

[He then broke the Glass.]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.”

From this meeting, Bolingbroke gave orders for king Richard to be conveyed to the Tower, but afterwards changing his mind, named Pomfret Castle, instead, for the place of his confinement. And, as soon as the unfortunate monarch was withdrawn, named a very early day for his own coronation, and then, with his numerous train of friends left Westminster Hall. Leaving the bishop of Carlisle under the care of the Abbot of Westminster, the duke of Aumerle also stayed behind, these were all firmly attached friends to the fallen Richard, and shocked beyond expression at the scene they had witnessed. The Abbot of Westminster observed—

“ A woeful pageant have we here beheld.”

The Abbot finding that they were all of the same opinion, respecting the event that had taken place, invited them home with him to supper, and there they all entered into a confederacy, to use their best endeavours to replace Richard on the throne, and each took the sacrament, to bind them all to secrecy and punctuality.

Whilst the duke Aumerle was entering thus deeply into plans, to overthrow the newly appointed king, Henry of Lancaster. The duke and duchess of York (his father and mother) were talking over the misfortunes of Richard, and deploring the terrible fate, which he had drawn upon himself; and the duke was giving the duchess a particular description of the entrance of the two royal cousins (Richard and Bolingbroke) into London, when interrupted by his tears, he had for some time ceased the relation, but requested earnestly by his lady to proceed in the account, when he, desiring her to tell him where he left off, the duchess says—

“ At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window's
tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.”

(York then continued.)

“ Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bol-
ingbroke!

You would have thought the very windows
spake,

So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he passed along."

The 'duchess, pitying Richard, further en-
quired how he was disposed of, during this re-
ception of his enemy, when the duke thus pro-
ceeded.

"As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's
eyes

Did scowl on Richard ; no man cried, God save
him ;

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose,
steel'd

The hearts of men, they must perforce, have
melted,

And barbarism itself have pitied him.

But heaven hath a hand in these events ;

To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,

Whose state and honour I for aye allow.”

As the duke finished, this mournful and affecting account, the duke of Aumerle (his son) came into the apartment, and whilst his father was asking him some questions, he observed a seal hang out of his bosom, (which was, in fact, that attached to the written confederacy into which he had entered with the friends of Richard) and asked what it was. Aumerle, in the utmost confusion made many excuses for not shewing it to his father, each one of which only served to make the duke of York more fully resolved to see it. And finding his son still continue to

refuse, he at last, suddenly snatched it out of his bosom, and with amaze, and horror, read the contents, in which a plan was laid to murder Henry at Oxford. The rage of the royal duke, on making this wonderful discovery, exceeded all bounds; so uncontrollable was it, that in opposition to all the anxious pleadings of the mother, he declared his fixed determination to post off directly to king Henry, and instantly impeach his son of high treason. And with this fixed, firm, and unnatural resolution he set off.

The agonized duchess, prompt to save so valuable a life as that of her only son, advised Aumerle to set off on the instant, and with his utmost speed and exertion, to get (if possible) into the presence of the king before the arrival of his father, to obtain the promise of a pardon before he explained for what cause, and when obtained, then to unfold the whole matter to him, that she would immediately follow, and, that she never would rise from the ground on which she should kneel, till his life was granted to her request.

Aumerle lost no time in following the prudent instructions of his mother, in setting out on this important journey, and fortunately succeeded in getting into the presence of the king before the arrival of his father. When there, he entreated permission to speak to the king alone,

which being directly granted, he knelt at the king's feet, and earnestly implored his pardon. The king was greatly surprised at this action, and asked him, "whether the offence for which he solicited pardon, was only intended—or already committed. And if only intended, whatever the crime might have been, he forgave it, in hopes of his future love." At that critical moment, the duke of York came, also, and with savage brutality and malice, betrayed the whole of the conspiracy to the king; and accused his son as the ringleader of the whole plot. The duchess soon after arrived, to use her influence in the behalf of Aumerle, and with all the vehemence of maternal affection, pleaded excuses for the conduct of her son, and humbly importuned that his life might be granted to her prayers, whilst the father with nearly as strong arguments, (and those more likely to influence a king, so situated as Henry was) to punish him with the utmost severity. At last the king put an end to the controversy, by declaring that he had previously promised to pardon his cousin Aumerle; and that much moved by his aunt's humble supplication, he made that pardon full and unequivocal, but that every other concerned in the transaction, should most certainly suffer death.

In the mean time, the miserably fallen mo-

narch, Richard, was confined a close prisoner, in the dungeons of Pomfret Castle. When sir Pierce Exton having remarked that king Henry had said—"Have I no friend, that will rid me of this living fear," resolved on the destruction of this wretched king, to ingratiate himself into the favour of the happy one. For this purpose he collected two or three of his desperate and wicked associates, fully resolved (in consequence of this speech) to set out for the prison of Richard, and there destroy him.

In this impious act they but too well succeeded; for arriving at Pomfret Castle, they all entered the room where the king was sitting completely armed, they came at a moment when that monarch was greatly irritated by the keeper of the Castle, having refused to taste first of the provision set before him, according to the usual custom, and being told it was the king's command, brought by sir Pierce Exton that he should not—the king in great rage replied—

"The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee."

When sir Pierce and his companions appearing, the king instantly and truly judged the cause of their intrusion, and snatching a weapon from the hands of one of sir Pierce Exton's attendants, he killed him with a blow, and imme-

diately gave a mortal wound to another, when Exton amazed at the strength, resistance, and courage of Richard, came behind him whilst thus engaged with his companions, and with one blow, on the back part of his head, killed him. Exton seems to have rather repented of the deed, for he exclaims as Richard fell.

“ As full of valour, as of royal blood :
Both have I spilt ; O, would the deed were
good ! ” &c.

With this scene of treacherous cruelty, and with the execution of all the noblemen, who were faithful to king Richard, did Henry the fourth begin his reign.

PERICLES,
PRINCE OF TYRE.
GRECIAN STORY.

PERICLES,
PRINCE OF TYRE.
GRECIAN STORY.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch

PERICLES, prince of Tyre

HELICANUS

SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis

CLEON, governor of Tharsus

LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mitylene

CERIMON of Ephesus

The DAUGHTER of Antiochus

DIONYZA, wife to Cleon

THAISA, daughter to Simonides

MARINA, daughter to Pericles

LYCHORIDA, the nurse

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

The Grecian story from whence this play was taken, is supposed by some to have been a thousand years old. It included in its recital a great length of time, (which is contrary to dramatic rules) but it was customary on such occasions, in old plays, for one representing Time, or a Chorus, or in this play Gower, (an old Poet whom others think the author of the story) to come in between the acts, and in a speech prepare the audience for what the lapse of time had then brought about: such as an infant having grown to maturity, or any such changes in circumstances, as might, otherwise, appear incomprehensible. In the play before us, it has been found necessary to introduce this Gower, to explain situations very frequently, from the numerous occurrences it contains, and the time necessary to allow for their taking place. But in told story it will be of no consequence, as that can go on in a regular manner, not being

confined by the same regulations as the drama. Pericles, prince of Tyre, having heard the fame of the great beauty and accomplishments of the princess, daughter to Antiochus, king of Antioch, became so much enamoured by the account, that he determined to present himself before her as a lover ; even though that declaration, was attended by the most imminent danger of his life. For there had been a decree issued, that whatever prince, or noble, should aspire to the hand of that princess, must first expound a riddle which was given to him ; the which, if he failed to do, he was instantly to be put to death. Notwithstanding this cruel and tyrannic edict, so wonderful were the charms of the princess, and such the power of them, that many of the highest rank had accepted the terms, and attempted the solution of the enigma, but each one had failed in the undertaking, and consequently lost his life. Undismayed, however, by the sad catastrophe of these unfortunate prince's—prince Pericles, of Tyre, undertook the dangerous experiment, resolved to overcome this strange obstacle, or perish in the endeavour.

This noble youth, was of the most amiable and virtuous disposition, his person was extremely beautiful, and his heart full of noble sentiments : being such, he consequently was

beloved and honoured by all, and each one who could take the liberty to, do so, earnestly persuaded him against the rash and dangerous enterprise. But (as is but too commonly the case) the advice of those more experienced was unattended to, and Pericles fully resolved to try his fortune, in the way that many others had done before him, though not without the flattering hope of better success himself, in the dangerous adventure. In this frame of mind he presented himself, at the court of Antiochus, and declared his pretensions, on which he was honourably received, and introduced to the beautiful princess : by this interview he became even (if possible) more confirmed in his purpose, finding that fame had not exceeded the truth, respecting the princess's attractions ; and publicly declared according to the appointed ceremony, his intention to make the required attempt to obtain the princess in marriage. The riddle was given for his inspection, which he read over, and was struck with horror and disgust as the meaning of it appeared immediately manifest to him. It explained to him, that both, the king and his daughter, were wicked abominable people, with whom he could not enter into any alliance, for any consideration on earth, and from whose presence he should be most anxious to withdraw.

Yet, shocked and confounded as he was, by

an interpretation so totally different to what he imagined it would prove, he was, nevertheless, delicate in making it known to them, that he so fully comprehended what the riddle implied : he, therefore, for a time remained silent. But the impatient king eagerly called upon him to decide, whether life or death was to be the result of his undertaking.

The prince, roused by this address from Antiochus, was determined not to lose his life, to spare the feelings of those whom he now scorned, as much, as a few hours previous he had admired ; to screen himself from danger, therefore, explains sufficient of what was required, to convince the king it was in his power (if it was in his inclination) to unravel the whole mystical meaning, of what he with a false security conceived would never be discovered. And, at the same time, with all the caution and gentleness the matter would admit of, declined the reward of his exploit, the hand of the fair (but worthless) princess. As may naturally be imagined, the king and his daughter were filled with indignation, and ideas of revenge, for the disgrace thus likely to be brought on them : but being both extremely artful, each conceals the feelings of the heart, under the mask of the utmost kindness and approbation. And the king in the most friendly manner says, "that, though the

prince has failed in giving the interpretation of his riddle, yet from the high opinion he entertains of his talents and merit, he begs he will favour him by continuing his guest for forty days longer, during which time (he adds) he might have liberty to study the abstruse enigma. And should he succeed, at last, in giving its true meaning—with what pleasure he shall then receive him for a son-in-law, must be obvious from this indulgence, never before granted to any other suitor.

But this address to Pericles, who saw through its hypocrisy, was far from having the effect desired, though he received it with respect: but being perfectly satisfied in his own mind, of the wickedness of the king and princess, and that some design against him was meditated, he became resolved, to take an immediate opportunity, to withdraw himself privately from the court of Antiochus, as the only means to preserve his life, which he feels fully assured is in the utmost hazard, amongst such revengeful and malicious people. And, from his very guarded and prudent behaviour, he happily accomplishes his escape, before the least suspicion was entertained of his intention, of quitting Antioch.

But the moment, the flight of Pericles became known, nothing could equal the anger of the king; and he instantly dispatched one of

the lords of his court (but, one who was ready to obey all his wicked orders) to Tyre, to murder Pericles, which to bind him more strongly to execute, he gave him a very high bribe, and very many promises of future favour and honours. Pericles had returned to Tyre, on first quitting Antioch, but apprehensive that the power and vengeance of the king might bring a destructive war upon his country, which he well knew was incapable of resisting so potent an enemy, he thinks it necessary to call his counsellors together, to consult with them what may be judged best to do in this extremity. Helicanus who is a most faithful and loyal minister, and so unlike a courtier, that, when the other lords are making the most complimentary speeches to Pericles, he thus reproves them.

“Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience tongue.

They do abuse the king, that flatter him :
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
The thing the which is flattered, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger
glowing ;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.”

; Pericles, so far from being offended by the

freedom of Helicanus's speech, highly approved of his plain sincerity, in proof of which he dismissed all the rest from his presence ; and when alone with this worthy man, acquainted him with every particular which had befallen him at the court of Antiochus, the fears which he entertained of the trouble his country may be involved in from these circumstances, and, the difficulty he feels in knowing how to act for the most advantage, in this critical situation of his affairs.

Helicanus, having listened to this account with great attention, advises him by all means to travel for a time, to the different parts of Europe, either till the anger of his enemy may evaporate, or that the destinies may cut his thread of life. Pericles was extremely well pleased by this advice, which coincided completely with his own opinion, but expresses his fears lest such a step might prove injurious to his subjects. Helicanus then recommends to him, to appoint a worthy and honourable governor in his absence, and should any important occurrence take place, the intelligence would speedily be conveyed to him, and he could immediately return.

Pericles highly delighted by the good sense, experience, and ability of Helicanus, displayed on former as well as the present occasion, tells him, he conceives he is the fittest person to fill

that situation till his return. And, immediately, in the presence of his whole court, whom he had summoned to attend, he appoints him governor, which act meets the general approbation. The king then taking his confidential servant aside, acquaints him with his intention of going to Tharsus, where he shall expect to hear from him, as it is his full intention, to be guided in his future progress by his advice, and concludes thus—

“Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to
Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can
bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack
both :

But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.”

The lord of Antioch, whom the king had engaged to assassinate Pericles, arrives in Tyre, almost, as soon as the prince is departed ; and understanding from the nobles, that, he is gone

upon his travels, he is quite delighted, for he was not himself of a malignant nature, but was compelled by the authority of an arbitrary and tyrannic prince, to undertake the commission of a crime against which his heart revolted. Happy was he, therefore, to find that Pericles had departed, but no one (except his minister) knew whether.

Pericles, who felt fully assured that he should be pursued by the craft and malice of Antiochus, left Tyre with a heavy heart, in pursuance of his route to Tharsus, which was at that time visited by so severe a famine, that numbers were daily perishing for want, and the governor, Cleon, (to whom Pericles was now coming to remain with, for a time,) in the greatest distress at the misery around him, describes the situation of the city, and its wretched inhabitants, in the following comprehensive speech, addressed to Dionyza his wife.

“ This Tharsus, o’er which I have government,
(A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)
For riches, strew’d herself even in the streets ;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss’d
the clouds,
And strangers ne’er beheld, but wonder’d at ;
Whose men and dames so jettèd and adorn’d,
Like one another’s glass to trim them by :

Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight ;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.
But see what heaven can do ! By this our
change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and
air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise :
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it ;
Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life :
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial."

At this moment intelligence is brought to Cleon, that a sail of ships is making to the port, Cleon who has no doubt, that, it is some enemy to the state, who takes advantage of their

present wretchedness, to make a conquest of the country, deploras the incapability of defending themselves, and concludes by saying their destruction is now complete. But, the messenger assures him, that, he may freely entertain better hopes, as the ships bear, all, white flags, in token of amity; and, very soon after, this favourable account is confirmed, by the landing of Pericles and his train, who, to the great joy and relief of the governor and citizens of Tharsus, come bringing with them such a store of provisions (having heard of the calamity with which they were afflicted) that made the whole city happy, and he so arranged with the governor, that his ships should return for more, and supply them fully, till they should be blessed with their own productions.

Cleon, the governor of Tharsus, and Dionyza his wife, in the fullness of their hearts, for the generous kindness of the prince, express the warmest feelings of gratitude, and pray, that the time may come when they may have it in their power, to prove what their feelings towards him are: but till that desired time arrives, they will do every thing in their power, to render his sojourn with them agreeable. Whilst these events are taking place, the faithful Helicanus, whom Pericles had left governor of Tyre, was too vigilant not to suspect danger to his prince,

when he saw, a favourite lord of Antiochus's court, visit Tyre, without any ostensible reason. And immediately, and secretly, dispatched a messenger to the prince in Tharsus, to warn him of threatened danger, and advise his immediate departure from that place. Pericles determined to be guided (as he had promised he would be) by the advice of one, so much more experienced than himself: he, therefore, informs Cleon that urgent business compels him to leave his country. The governor and his lady express their deep regrets, and again renew their protestations of gratitude, for the service he had rendered them. He then embarked, but had not been long at sea before a tremendous storm arose, by which the ship was wrecked, and every person on board (except himself) perished. He was, however, cast on shore almost lifeless, but in a little time recovering, and perceiving the desolation around him, he thus expresses his sentiments, in lamenting his dreadful situation.

“ Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven !
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly
man

Is but a substance that must yield to you ;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you ;
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,

Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me
breath

Nothing to think on, but ensuing death :

Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave."

Whilst thus giving way to despair, some fishermen arrive at the foot of the rock, where the unfortunate prince is bemoaning his hard fate. With the utmost humanity and readiness, they offer him every assistance in their power, and after giving him some refreshment, from their slender store, and he becoming, in consequence, more revived, he enquires on what coast he is thrown ? when they inform him it is Pentapolis, that they were governed by the good king Simonides, that he had an only daughter, who was extremely beautiful, that the next day was her birthday, and that the king, her father, in honour of it was about to give a grand tournament : that numerous knights and princes, from all parts of the world were come there to try their fortunes, and in the hopes of obtaining, as the prize of their valour, the rich reward of the fair princess's hand.

The prince was much affected by hearing this intelligence, and could not forbear from express-

ing to his companions, the fishermen, how ardently he wished to be one of the competitors on this grand occasion. And whilst they are expressing their surprise at this declaration, and his regrets at his inability to enter the lists. Some of the party of fishermen, come in dragging a net so heavy, that, they conclude they have caught an enormous fish, and entreat the assistance of their fellows to extricate it. But, on opening the net, it proves to be the prince's armour, which had been lost in the wreck, looking on this as a propitious omen, he instantly informs the fishermen that the armour is his, and his favourable ideas of success, in consequence of thus wonderfully obtaining it again. They entertain the same opinion, and give it up to him, he then says, that, he has yet a rich jewel, which from being fastened to his arm, he has still preserved ; and which he hopes he can dispose of, to purchase a horse, and when thus accoutred and mounted, he is resolved to try his fate in the next day's tournament, in which determination he is encouraged and cheered by the worthy fishermen, who appear to enter warmly into his interest.

The next day a grand pavilion is prepared, for the reception of the king, Simonides, the princess Thaisa, his daughter, his courtiers and attendants, to see the tournament and to bestow

the splendid scarf to the victor knight, who should approach to receive it. As also to observe the order of the entry, of those who contended for the prize, that the king might know the country and device of each one who approached.

The first was a knight of Sparta, and the device he bore upon his shield was a black Æthiop, reaching the sun. And the king interpreted his motto to the princess, who wished to know what it implied, that it was, "he loved her well, and held his life of her."

The second, was a prince of Macedon, on his shield was an armed knight, conquered by a lady, his motto was in Spanish, but translated "more by sweetness (or softness) than by strength."

The third, was a knight of Antioch, his device was a wreath of Chivalry.

The fourth, was a burning torch, turned upside down, the motto signifying—

"Beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill."

The device of the fifth, was a hand environed with clouds, holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried.

The sixth, and last knight, was observed by

the king, the princess, and the surrounding nobles, to advance with peculiar grace and dignity, though by no means so richly attired, as the foregoing, and totally unattended. His device was a withered branch, only green at the top. And the king interpreted his motto: "That from the dejected state in which he then was, he hoped his fortunes might yet flourish."

The king expressed great admiration of this unknown knight, (which was prince Pericles) and secretly wished he might be successful. But that doubtless arose, from the humane sentiments of a noble heart: as the good king justly conceived, from the manner of the unknown knight, his appearance, his device, and his motto, that he was oppressed by some severe misfortunes, which he determined to alleviate as much as was in his power, if he should ever discover of what nature they were.

The tournament having commenced, the king's further kind intentions were interrupted, and after several very severe contests, in defiance of every disadvantage he laboured under, the unadorned, and unknown knight was successful in the Tournay, and bore off the prize from all competitors. The good Simonides was greatly rejoiced, that his favourite was declared the victor, the princess Thaisa, likewise, was equally delighted; but both father and daughter dis-

guised these sentiments, from delicacy, fearing to hurt the feelings of any, and each behaved with equal respect to all. The king then invited all his guests to a grand banquet, where, by his condescending affability, the high encomiums which he bestowed on the bravery and skill of each knight, and the equality of his kindness to all, so effectually reconciled them to the disappointment they had sustained, and to each other, that there was not the least appearance of envy or ill-will amongst them, or even to Pericles by whom they had been discomfited. And though Simonides greatly preferred the gallant demeanour of Pericles; yet, that admiration (which had been originally excited by pity) was not so visible, as to make any one his enemy on that account; the king possessing, both, too much prudence and politeness, to manifest such a partiality.

After the banquet, the king requested to be informed of the country, connexions, and misfortunes of the stranger, and what cause had induced him to visit his kingdom. To which Pericles replied, that, he was a gentleman of Tyre, travelling for improvement, and that shipwreck had driven him (a perfect stranger) to that coast, but, that he could no longer count that a misfortune, since it had been the means

of procuring him such distinguished honours and happiness.

The next day the king assembled all the knights, and then acquainted them, that his daughter had just informed him, that, she had made a sacred vow to Diana, to live single for twelve months longer: during which time she had resolved to receive no visit from any suitor whatever; and that, when that time was expired, she would make her choice according to merit. The knights greatly disappointed by this intelligence, decline the kind invitation of Simonides, to remain longer in his court, and set out to their respective countries and habitations, without the least hope of obtaining the fair hand of the beautiful Thaisa.

As soon as they all departed, except Pericles, (who knew not in what manner the king had sent off the other knights.) The king ordered that the prince should immediately attend him, and the moment he came into his presence, Simonides began a most severe lecture, in which he accused him of having attempted to gain the affections of Thaisa, without his concurrence, and in breach of the confidence he had placed in him. This Pericles vehemently (and with truth) denies, and says—

“ By the gods, I have not, Sir.

Never did thought of mine levy offence ;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure."

" My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came into your court, for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state ;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy."

He then offers to refer to the princess herself, who at that moment entered the apartment, for confirmation of the truth of what he says. Thaisa, very solemnly, assures her honoured father, the knight speaks the truth : but the king perseveres in saying he will not believe a word, says the knight has bewitched her, and that he has studied a means of punishing them both at once, which is, that he shall insist on their instant marriage. The surprise and joy of each, at this happy termination of their natural alarm, was inexpressible, and both, then, declared how highly they regarded each other, and how happy this union made them. And the marriage took place amidst universal rejoicings and approbation.

Whilst these transactions are taking place,

and the good king Simonides, the princess, and Pericles are living in uninterrupted felicity; the people of Tyre had begun to grow extremely impatient for the return of their king, and finding from the answers of Helicanus, that his coming was very uncertain, they declare themselves so well pleased, with him, as the substitute left in his place, that they unanimously offer him the crown: upon which, (after expressing the pleasure their approbation gave him) he entreated them to wait one year more, and to delay the election of a new king, till that was expired, during which, every exertion was to be made, by him and them, after their king Pericles, and should he not be found at the termination of twelve months, he would then consent to their wishes and become their king.

The people of Tyre having agreed to these proposals, messengers were dispatched in every direction, to discover where the prince was residing; and, at last some of them were so fortunate as to discover where he was, and came to Pentapolis, where they found him living in the utmost magnificence and happiness.

When the noblemen employed on the important embassy, of seeking the king and conducting him home to Tyre, were introduced to him, in the presence of Simonides and his daughter, great indeed was their astonishment, and still

greater their joy, to see the lords kneeling to Pericles, to deliver their message, and salute him with the title of king of Tyre, for hitherto he had concealed his rank from them. Though Simonides had frequently said, he was assured the rank of Pericles equalled his own, yet he was extremely happy in having that opinion thus confirmed.

The messengers, then, make known to their sovereign the absolute necessity there was for his immediate return to his own dominions; and Pericles, feeling the propriety of the reasons given, began to make the requisite arrangements for his departure. Which preparation greatly distressed the good Simonides, more particularly as the princess Thaisa insists on accompanying the king to Tyre, which her father would willingly have prevented (for the present, at least,) as she was near her confinement, and he dreaded her undertaking a voyage in that dangerous situation. However, she would not be persuaded to remain behind, therefore, he providing all the necessary attendants, the principal one of which was, her affectionate nurse, Lychorida, they embarked for Tyre, followed by the prayers and blessings of the king, and all his people. They began their voyage prosperously, but suddenly the weather changed, and a most violent tempest placed their vessel

in the most imminent danger. The horror and alarm this occasioned, had such an effect on the queen, that she soon after gave birth to a daughter, and expired herself, leaving the poor little helpless infant, at such a moment, exposed to all the miseries which surrounded her, without the succour of maternal care. The nurse, Lychorida, presented the babe to the king her father, and he was overpowered with affliction, when he heard of her mother's death. And after expressing his sorrow in the bitterest terms, thus continues his lament when speaking of his child.

“Now, mild may be thy life !

For a more blust'rous birth had never babe :

Quiet and gentle thy conditions !

For thou'rt the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows !

Thou hast as chiding a nativity,

As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb : even at the first,

Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,

With all thou canst find here.—Now the good
 gods

Throw their best eyes upon it !

Whilst thus oppressed with grief for his re-

cent loss—and anxiety for the fate of his infant, his trouble was farther encreased by the importunity of the captain and sailors of the ship, for the body of the queen, whose breath was scarcely departed, to be immediately consigned to the waves, as they were assured (they informed him) that the storm would never cease whilst there was a corpse on board. Agitated and distressed, as he was, by this superstition of the sailors, he knew it was in vain to contend with it, and thus compelled gave a reluctant consent, for a chest which was on board to be prepared in the best manner circumstances would allow, in which the beauteous Thaisa was to be inclosed and thrown into the sea. After this the storm abating, and Pericles dreading the length of the voyage to Tyre, and recollecting the grateful professions of Cleon, the governor of Tharsus, and Dionyza his lady, determined to first go there, and leave his beloved daughter (whom he had called Marina, from being born at sea,) under their care, to be properly brought up and educated, till he should come again for her. He gave orders to the captain to this effect, 'Tharsus being a much nearer port, where at last they safely arrive, when he leaves the baby and the nurse, under the protection of his friends, who vow to him to perform the part of parents to the infant princess, and as her age

advances to pay the utmost attention to her education : content with this assurance he again sets sail, and in due time arrived at his own city of Tyre. Happy were the citizens of Tyre to welcome their restored king to his native home, and happy was Pericles in every respect, except his late severe domestic misfortune.

It so occurred that the chest containing the body of the queen, was by the violence of the tempest almost, immediately, thrown upon the coast of Ephesus, and near to the spot where it came on shore, there lived a man of noble birth ; but, who had studied medicine from motives of humanity, to assist and do good to his fellow creatures. And after any violent storm, it was his custom to send his servants to the sea side, that if any wreck had happened, and there were any distressed persons to whom he could render any assistance, to bring them to his house. But on this occasion nothing was found, but the chest in which Thaisa was inclosed, which the servants immediately bring to their lord for his inspection. The master eager to know the contents of the chest, had it opened in his presence, when to his astonishment he beheld a lady, “ shrouded in cloth of state,” and lying on her breast a scrole, on which were words to this effect.

“ Here I give to understand,

(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)
I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

This skilful, and humane, nobleman (whose name was Cerimon) carefully observing the corpse before him, and remarking the beauty and freshness of its appearance, became persuaded that life was not totally extinct, and instantly resorted to all the methods then known to restore suspended animation, and very soon had the happiness to find his efforts crowned with success, for the queen revived from her death-like swoon, and in a short time was restored to perfect health. When recalling to dreadful recollection the dangerous situation the ship was in, at the time of her supposed death, and the circumstance of her being washed on shore. She felt convinced the ship had been totally lost, and all on board with it: fully assured that these conjectures were correct, she gave herself up to despair, and entering into the temple of Diana at Ephesus, she dedicated herself as a priestess to that goddess for life.

Whilst these transactions were taking place at

Ephesus, and Pericles mourning the loss of his beloved queen, was reigning in peace at Tyre. The princess Marina, under the care of Cleon in Tharsus, was growing up a prodigy of learning and loviness, accomplished in all elegant acquirements, particularly music, in which science she excelled all competitors, and universally beloved. But when about fourteen, losing her tender and affectionate nurse, Lychorida, a great change in her situation took place. Dionyza who had a daughter nearly the same age as the princess, became very jealous of the superiority in talents and beauty which the princess so evidently possessed. And she formed the wicked design of destroying Marina, without the knowledge of her husband, Cleon, whom she knew she never could persuade to do so wicked and cruel a deed, as the sacrificing so amiable a young creature, to malignant passions. Nevertheless, determined on her plan, she hired a ruffian to kill this innocent lady : to facilitate the means of putting the princess into his power, Dionyza walked out with her towards the grave of her dear nurse, which was near the sea, and which Marina was going to strew with flowers, taking some with her in a basket for that purpose, when she was suddenly surprised by the hired assassin, and the base Dionyza immediately ran away, and left her in his power.

The ruffian assassin, however, was more tender hearted than the treacherous guardian, for whilst she pleaded for pity, he almost relented, but, before he had finally resolved to spare her, a gang of Pirates land, and seizing the hapless Marina, bear her away on board their ship. They then carry her to Mitylene, where they sell her, to a person who employs her in all the fine needle work, which she was so competent to do, by which, and her skill in music she gained a great deal of money, for the person who employed her, and her accomplishments became the subject of much conversation at Mitylene.

King Pericles conceiving, now, that his beloved daughter's education must be completed, (as she was fourteen) became exceedingly anxious for her society, and thinks the time is arrived in which he may with propriety bring her into his court, as a princess worthy to succeed him on the throne. For this purpose he again embarks for Tharsus, but on his arrival there, his grief was beyond expression—when, instead of meeting a child of his fondest hopes, every thing that his heart could wish, they shew him her monument, a stately pillar of white marble, which after recounting her rare acquirements, states that she died suddenly.

The king overwhelmed with despair, by this unexpected detail of her untimely fate, makes a vow on her monument, never more to shave

or converse with mortal ; and under this mental suffering again puts to sea, a contrary wind, however, blows his ship upon the coast of Mitylene, where Pericles giving way to his grief, and in obedience to his vow refuses to see or speak to any one. The good Helicanus, who had accompanied him, in vain endeavouring to rouse him from his despondency.

Lysimachus, the governor of Mitylene, finding a ship come into the harbour, with such an illustrious guest on board, went in great state to pay his compliments to him. But finding from Helicanus the state the king was in, Lysimachus informed him, that, there was a young maid in that city, who he was assured would greatly relieve the king's grief, by her most wonderful skill in music, if he would but permit the trial of her playing before him, as many labouring under similar dejection had experienced. Indeed, Lysimachus spoke of Marina in the highest terms of approbation, for having frequently seen her, he greatly admired and loved her, but was ashamed to acknowledge it, for a person in such a very humble situation of life as she appeared in.

His great praise of Marina, however, induced Helicanus to send immediately for her, to try her power on the wretched Pericles, and Marina attended the summons without delay, to play before the royal sufferer. The moment

she entered the cabin, where the king was reclining on a couch, he appeared to be much agitated, and fixed his eyes earnestly upon her. But when the wonderful powers of harmony, which she possessed, met his ear, he could no longer refrain from speaking, and he began a conversation with the musician, by asking her of her birth, family, and circumstances; and from the answers he received to his questions, he soon discovered that this was his lost child, whom he had so deeply mourned, that he had been imposed on by the wicked governor and his wife, and that this darling child thus wonderfully restored to him, was in every respect all that his fondest wishes could desire.

Joy and gladness now took possession of all hearts, king Pericles threw off his sackcloth, and arrayed himself in his most costly robes; and having observed the affection of Lysimachus to the fair unknown musician, he promised to bestow her hand upon him, who had befriended her in her friendless poverty. When the king retired to rest, after this day of happiness, in his sleep the goddess Diana appeared to him in a vision, and she distinctly ordered him before his return to Tyre, to go to Ephesus, and there to make an offering at her shrine, in token of his gratitude to her, for the preservation of his daughter, and there to declare who he was. This he vowed to do, and the next day (in consequence)

sets sail for Ephesus, and when arrived there and in the temple, he thus speaks.

“ Hail Dian ! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre ;
Who, frightened from my country, did wed
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina ; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon ; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder : but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene ; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.”

Whilst thus reciting his own and his daughters adventures, one of the priestesses fainted away, which caused a great sensation in all present, but speedily recovering to the amazement and indiscribable happiness of the king and princess, this priestess proved to be the beloved and lamented queen of Pericles, and mother of Marina. Uninterrupted happiness follows this astonishing discovery, they all return safe to Tyre, Lysimachus marries Marina, and Pericles and his amiable queen have a long and prosperous reign.

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE,

THE GOOD

LORD COBHAM.

ENGLISH STORY.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

KING HENRY the fifth

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE lord Cobham

HARPOOL, steward to lord Cobham

LORD HERBERT

LORD POWIS

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER

SIR JOHN the parson of Wrotham

DUKE OF SUFFOLK

MASTER BUTLER his secretary

THE EARL OF CAMBRIDGE

THE LORDS SCROOP and GREY

CHARTRES the French agent

SIR RICHARD LEE

SIR ROGER ACTON

MORLEY the Brewer of Dunstable, &c. &c.

LADY COBHAM

LADY POWIS

THE STORY
OF
SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE.
LORD COBHAM.

The history of lord Cobham is one of the dramas attributed to Shakspeare, yet by many imagined that he is not the author of. But, however, that may be decided, as the incidents in this play are strictly historical, most of the passages extremely beautiful, and the catastrophe less tragical than (with truth) it might have been, it has been selected for the present subject. The intention being, that every piece bearing the name of that great poet, shall in turn be brought forward, that a knowledge of the questionable pieces may be acquired, and their beauties become more generally known.

The drama begins, with one of those disagreeable feudal contentions, so common in former times, amongst the servants and adherents of

popular and powerful noblemen, when frequently (without probably knowing the cause of dissension, or without, for one moment, reflecting which was right, and which was wrong) all the tenantry of a nobleman would venture, without hesitation, life and liberty, in support of his lord's cause or opinion, and as readily engage in tumult; as on the commencement of this story, the servants of the lord Herbert and lord Powis at the assizes, held at Hereford, entered into a contest in defence of their chiefs, which was attended (as but too commonly happened) with fatal consequences.

The reformation in religion, brought about by the doctrines of Wickliff, was at this period (Henry the fifth's reign) gaining ground very fast. Lord Powis was a favourer of reform, Lord Herbert against it, between these noblemen, a dispute on the subject was carried on with, by much, too great a warmth, (as will be more fully stated) and beyond the bounds of discretion, during their attendance at Hereford, whilst the judges were sitting, which terminated, at last, in a battle amongst their attendants, each espousing the side of his master, and being all Welchman they were not easily to be diverted from their purpose.

The consequence was, that, a most violent and disgraceful contest ensued, and though the

civil officers immediately interfered, to quell it, it proceeded with such rapid inveteracy, that lord Herbert was mortally wounded by lord Powis, who instantly absconded: but many, engaged in the dreadful riot, were taken and conveyed to prison. The cause of this commotion being enquired into by the judges, the sheriff of Hereford gave an account of it, in these words.

“About religion, as I heard my lord,
Lord Powis’s detracted from the power of Rome,
Affirming Wickliff’s doctrine to be true,
And Rome’s erroneous. Hot reply was made
By the lord Herbert: they were traitors all
That would maintain it. Powis answered,
They were as true, as noble, and as wise
As he, that would defend it with their lives.
He nam’d for instance, sir John Oldcastle
The lord Cobham. Herbert replied again,
He, thou, and all are traitors that so hold:
The lie was given, the several factions drawn
And so enrag’d, that we could not appease it.”

About this time (as the clergy were much alarmed by the new doctrines) the bishop of Rochester, attended by his secretary, master Butler, and sir John, the parson of Wrotham, (who was a dreadfully reprobate and libertine character, though not publicly known to be such,

And brought in question for his heresies ;
Besides two letters brought me out of Wales,
Wherein my lord of Hertford writes to me,
What tumult and seditiō was begun
About the lord of Cobham, at the 'sides there,
For they had much ado to calm the rage ;
And, that, the valiant Herbert is there slain."

The duke observed, to the bishop on hearing this intelligence, " that, it was a fire that must be quenched;" and promised him he would mention the business to the king, when he went to the council chamber. And, that, he might assure himself, measures would be taken to prevent any more trouble on that head. The bishop then most respectfully offered to the duke, a purse containing a thousand angels, which he said, was a present from the clergy to him. "Not as a recompence, but as a token of our love." The duke, however, refused it, and though entreated, still continued to refuse it on his own account. But added, that, he had no objection to his secretary, Butler, receiving the purse from him, and permitting him to keep it for himself. At the same time, he again assured the bishop, that he might depend upon every thing in his power being done by him; to influence the king in favour of, and to the advantage of, the clergy.

The wicked sir John (parson of Wrotham) seeing Butler receive this valuable donation, determined in his own mind, to make himself master of that prize, by robbing him of it: conceiving that as the king had himself been guilty of several very blameable indiscretions in the course of his youth, that such a crime would be thought lightly of. But the king reformed now, from all the vices which had been encouraged by profligate companions, had become a most amiable and just prince, despising and detesting the follies which he had committed in such abandoned society, and resolved in future to preserve the honour and dignity of his high station. Esteeming, now, only men of worth and principle, he had become exceedingly attached to lord Cobham, who bore the most excellent character; and was therefore greatly surprised, when the duke of Suffolk in pursuance of his promise to the bishop, began to accuse this favourite nobleman of heresy and sedition; and of causing riotous meetings in different parts of the country, but more particularly at the late assizes in Hereford, in which lord Herbert had been slain, and lord Powis the murderer had escaped. For a more correct account of this transaction, he humbly entreated the king to read two letters, which he presented for that purpose.

The king, complying with his request, perused the letters, and on returning them, he made these observations.

“ We do find it here.

There was in Wales a certain fray of late,
Between two noblemen. But what of that?
Follows it strait lord Cobham must be he
Did cause the same, I dare be sworn good
knight,
He never dream'd of any such contention.”

Being answered that in his name the quarrel began, the king replied.

“ What if it did? Was either he in place
To take part with them? Or abet them to it?
If brabbling fellows, whose enkindled blood
Seeths in their fiery veins, will needs go fight,
Making their quarrel of some words that pass'd
Either of you, or you, amongst their cups,
Is the fault yours? Or are they guilty of it?”

But the duke, still urging the matter further, begs the king will sanction with his authority, an order for lord Cobham to be summoned to the Arches, where his offence will meet a proper punishment. The king enquired if he was to answer to that personally? The duke replied in

the affirmative, the king then said he might appeal. But the duke told him not in a case of religion. The king then with much scorn and anger, continued—

“ I took it always, that ourself stood on’t,
As a sufficient refuge: unto whom
Not any, but might lawfully appeal,
But we’ll not argue now upon that point.
For sir John Oldcastle, whom you accuse,
Let me entreat you to dispense awhile

[In scorn.]

With your great title of pre-eminence.
Report did never yet condemn him so,
But he hath always been reputed loyal:
And in my knowledge, I can say thus much
That he is virtuous; wise and honourable
If any way his conscience be seduc’d
To waver in his faith, I’ll send for him
And school him privately: if that serve not,
Then, afterwards you may proceed against him.
Butler, be you the messenger for us,
And will him presently repair to court.”

The duke perceiving, from these sentiments, how much lord Cobham was in favour with the king; at that time, said no more on the subject, and they separated, the duke leaving the presence warmly interested in the cause of the

clergy; and the parson of Wrotham, as warmly resolved on an attempt to rob Butler of his purse of angels, on his way to sir John Oldcastle's.

Whilst these dangerous transactions were going on against him, originating in, and agitated by the clergy, the good and inoffensive lord Cobham, unconscious of the snares which surrounded him, was going on in his own domain in his accustomed easy and happy manner; and not in the least aware of his name being made use of by any party, to lead to commotion and disorder. And so far, from any wish of attracting popularity, was this good man, that his time was spent in the retirement of his own castle, and in attending to the necessities of a number of poor people, who daily assembled at the gate of his hospitable mansion, to be relieved by his bounty. An amusing conversation ensued on this occasion, between the lord Cobham, and Harpool, his old and faithful steward, who having lived in the service of this lord's father, and grandfather, takes upon himself the liberty of reproaching his master, for a want of that munificent liberality, which formerly distinguished that castle, and recounts to him the noble doings before his time. But deplores the degeneracy of the present times, on which he lays the principal blame—saying,

pride and ostentation occasion the want of charity, and hospitality, as the money is now laid out in costly dress and grand decorations, which used to feed the poor. Sir John (lord Cobham) then desired him to give to the poor people, whatever it was he had to bestow, and, not to keep them there waiting in the cold, and losing their time. The steward then reproached him for giving away so much, saying that what he does only makes them idle, and thus continues —

“It is a shame for you, and I’ll stand to it,
Your given alms, maintains more vagabonds
Than all the noblemen in Kent beside.
Out you rogues, you knaves, work for your
livings.—

Alas ! poor men, they may beg their hearts out,
There’s no more charity among men ;
Than among so many mastive dogs.
What makes you here you needy knaves ?”

* This worthy man, however, under his rough manners, had as good a heart, and was charitable as his lord ; and after some further animadversions, which (notwithstanding apparent rudeness) all tend to prove his admiration and love for his master, the poor people are all taken into the castle, to their accustomed relief.

At that moment, lord Powis who on the fatal

event of lord Herbert's death had fled, and in disguise had ever since concealed himself from the pursuit made after him, came now secretly to lord Cobham, to solicit further concealment and his protection, until the affair should be compromised. Lord Cobham, in the utmost surprise at seeing him, exclaimed—

“ My honourable lord, and worthy friend,
What makes your lordship thus alone in Kent ?
And thus disguised in this strange attire ? ”

Lord Powis thus explains—

“ My lord, an unexpected accident
Hath at this time enforc'd me to these parts,
And thus it hap't. Not yet full five days since,
Now at the last assize of Hereford,
It chanc'd that the lord Herbert and myself,
'Mongst other things discoursing at the table :
To fall in speech about some certain points
Of Wickcliff's doctrine, 'gainst the papacy ;
And the religion Catholic, maintain'd
Thro' the most parts of Europe at this day.
The wilful testy lord, stuck not to say
That Wickcliff was a knave, a schismatic,
His doctrine devilish and heretical ;
And whatsoe'er he was maintain'd the same,
Was traitor both to God and to his country.

Being moved at this, his peremptory speech,
I told him some maintained those opinions :
Men, and truer subjects than lord Herbert was ;
And he—replying in comparisons,
Your name was urg'd my lord against this
 challenge,
To be a perfect favourer of the truth.
And to be short, from words we fell to blows,
Our servants and our tenants taking parts,
Many on both sides hurt ; and for an hour
The broil by no means could be pacified,
Until the judges rising from the bench
Were in their persons forc'd to part the fray."

Lord Cobham expressed the greatest concern for this disagreeable event, which, however, he hoped was not attended by any fatal circumstance : when he was further informed of the death of lord Herbert, and the jeopardy his lordship was in, in consequence. And that it was "to shroud himself with such a friend," that he had journeyed into Kent.

Lord Cobham, assured him of hearty welcome and protection, then continued—

" But I am very sorry, my good lord,
My name was brought in question in this
 matter,
Considering I have many enemies,

That threaten malice, and do lie in wait
To take the 'vantage of the smallest thing."

Whilst this conversation was going on, Harpool comes to acquaint lord Cobham, that one master Butler was arrived with a message from the king. This intelligence, coming at such a critical moment, was rather alarming to them both, but more particularly lord Powis. Cobham, however, encouraged him to hope for the best, and to rely on his friendship: he was then conducted by Harpool a private way into the castle, whilst lord Cobham, likewise, returned to give audience to the king's messenger, Butler.

Butler, with great respect, delivered the king's order to the lord Cobham, which required his immediate attendance on him, in his palace. After this message was delivered, lord Cobham noticed that Butler appeared much depressed and affected in mind, and enquiring into the cause; Butler informed him, that coming over Shooter's Hill, a man habited like a sailor had stopped him asking charity; and, that, whilst about to give him something he had leaped behind on his horse, snatched his purse from him and made clearly off, and this was the circumstance which had occasioned his visible vexation.

Lord Cobham, after deploring and commiserat-

ing with him for his loss, invited him to partake of some refreshment, whilst he prepared himself to obey the king's commands.

In the mean time a man arrived at the castle, bearing a process from the bishop of Rochester, to cite lord Cobham to appear before the bishop, in the court of Rochester.

The faithful Harpool, meeting this man and being made acquainted with his business, does every thing in his power to prevent the citation being served upon his lord, or being left on his premises. Amongst other questions, Harpool asks him—"If he knows lord Cobham," and being answered "Yes, marry do I," he replies

"I am glad thou know'st him yet; and, sirrah dost not know, that, the lord Cobham is a brave lord, that he keeps good beef and beer in his house, and every day feeds an hundred poor people at his gate, and keeps an hundred tall fellows?"

But after every expedient, he can think of, not having the least effect, and the man still perseveringly determined to execute his process, Harpool, out of all patience, gets into a violent passion, and declares since he continues so obstinate, and will not take it away, that he is resolved, that, he shall eat it. The man astonished

at this intimation, protests vehemently against it : but Harpool says—

“ Sirrah no railing, but betake yourself to your teeth, thou shalt eat no worse than thou bringest with thee, thou bring'st it for my lord ; and wilt thou bring my lord, worse than thou wilt eat thyself.”

It was in vain the man protested, he did not bring it for lord Cobham to eat, Harpool was determined, and compelled the man to eat it. This certainly was a very wrong and a very arbitrary proceeding, (and though well intended) very likely to involve his master in much more serious difficulty, than it freed him from at the moment. But the spirit of the time, and the difference of manners at that period, and the présent hour—reconciles those singularities and excuses inconsistent practices. But the good lord Cobham was perfectly innocent, of this strange affair, and also unaware of the extraordinary coincidence, of the occurrences which were uniting, to render him a suspected person, without his countenance to any part, or the slightest tint of disloyalty having ever entered his imagination. For it so happened, that, a number of persons discontented from a variety of causes : but principally on the subject of

religion, (the reform then making rapid progress) formed themselves into cabals and associations, and each party gave the name of lord Cobham, as the head or leader, though that nobleman himself, so far from patronizing, was totally unacquainted with the existence of such assemblies.

Amongst these was a conspiracy, consisting of sir Roger Acton, William Morley the rich brewer of Dunstable, and many others, but none of more consequence than Morley, who being a man of prodigious wealth, was an object of great consideration as an associate, to a party forming against the government, which was evidently the intention of these people, who waiting on Morley—sir Roger Acton thus addressed him—

“ You know our faction now is grown so great
Throughout the realm, that it begins to smoke
Into the clergy’s eyes, and the king’s ears ;
High time it is, that we were drawn to head,
Our generals and officers appointed.
And wars ye wot, will ask great store of coin,
Able to strength our action with your purse,
You are elected for a colonel,
Over a regiment of fifteen bands.”

Morley, who appears to be extremely vain and

silly, is highly flattered by this distinction, which his riches, alone, cause him to receive ; and after much conversation (which is very humorous and good) he complies with the request of the rebel, sir Roger Acton, (who also tells him lord Cobham is the principal actor in the plot) he agrees to all their terms, and to the furnishing a waggon load of money, and to meet them with his followers in Ficket field, behind St. Giles's in the field, near Holborn, saying to sir Roger—

“ Say amen, and say no more, but say, and held, master Acton friday next, and Ficket field and William Morley and his merry men, shall be all one. I have half a score jades that draw my beer car ; and every jade, shall have a knave ; and every knave, shall wear a jack ; and every jack, shall have a scull ; and every scull shall show a spear ; and every spear shall kill a foe at Ficket field. At Ficket field, John and Tom, Dick and Hodge, Ralph and Robin, William and George, and all my knaves shall fight like men, at Ficket field on friday next.”

On being again reminded by sir Roger, of the money required, he replied—

“ Paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, upon occasion I have ten thousand pounds, and ten-

to that, and rather than the bishop shall have his will of me, for my conscience it shall go. Flame and flax, flax and flame. It was got with water and malt, and it shall fly with fire and gunpowder. Sir Roger, a cart load of money, till the axle-tree crack, myself and my men in Ficket field on Friday next. Remember my knight-hood and my place—there's my hand, I'll be there."

Lord Cobham, having set out with Butler to attend the king, arrived without interruption at the palace, and he was immediately conducted into his presence, according to the king's command. The king then informed him how grievously the bishops and other clergy were offended, by his countenancing and embracing new and offensive doctrines. And that, (though he himself highly regarded him for past services) yet, it was extremely proper and necessary that he should reconcile himself to the heads of the church: to this great condescension Cobham thus replied.

"My gracious lord, unto your majesty,
Next unto my God; I owe my life;
And what is mine, either by nature's gift
Or fortune's bounty, all is at your service.
But for obedience to the pope of Rome,

I owe him none, nor shall his shaveling priests
That are in England, alter my belief.
If out of holy scripture, they can prove
That I am in an error, I will yield,
And gladly take instruction at their hands :
But otherwise, I do beseech your grace,
My conscience may not be encroach'd upon."

The king, however, advises (where he observes he might command) Cobham to be cautious, and not to sanction meetings, and to let it suffice that he is satisfied of his loyalty.

Lord Cobham, then, takes the opportunity to speak to the king of the situation of lord Powis, and so powerfully urges his case, that the king consents to pardon him, as the deed was accident, not malice. Scarcely had he pronounced this pardon, when the bishop of Rochester entered the chamber in the most violent fury, demanding justice from the king. The king, anxious to know the cause of this extraordinary behaviour, demands the reason, when the bishop answers.

" Thus mighty king. By general consent,
A messenger was sent to cite this lord,
To make appearance in the consistory ;
And coming to his house, a ruffian slave,
One of his daily followers, met the man,

Who knowing him to be a porter
Assaults him first, and after in contempt
Of us, and our proceedings, makes him eat
The written process, parchment, seal and all :
Whereby this matter neither was brought forth,
Nor we, but scorn'd for our authority."

The king, upon this, enquiring further as to time, and circumstance, is perfectly convinced lord Cobham could not have had any knowledge of the affair. But the bishop persevering, that, it must have been done with his concurrence, or else his man would not have dared to be so bold. The king replied—

" Or else you durst be bold to interrupt,
And fill our ears with frivolous complaints ;
Is this the duty which you owe to us ?
Was't not sufficient, we did pass our word
To send for him, but you misdoubting it,
Or what is worse, intending to forestall
Our regal power, must likewise summon him !
This savours of ambition, not of zeal ;
And rather proves you malice his estate,
Than any way that he offends the law,
Go to, we like it not, and he your officer
Had his deserts, for being insolent,
That was employ'd so much amiss herein ;
So Cobham, when you please, you may depart."

Almost immediately after, lord Cobham had availed himself of the king's permission to depart, the earl of Huntingdon arrived, bringing intelligence to the king of the rebellion of sir Roger Acton, and his confederates, for the purpose, 'twas said, of forwarding a reformation in religion, and, naming lord Cobham as the principal leader of those now in arms, for that purpose. This account furnished much matter of triumph, to the malicious bishop of Rochester who was also present. But the king, though somewhat staggered by this alarming information, yet, still possessed too high an opinion of the truth, honour, and loyalty of lord Cobham, to be biassed even by what lord Huntingdon had said concerning him: he would not even let him be recalled before him, or the least incommoded, saying in reply to all the ill-natured insinuations of his enemies.

“ I cannot think it yet, he would be false;
But if he be, no matter, let him go,
We'll meet both him, and them, unto their woe.”

The earl of Cambridge was himself nearly related to the king, but in consequence of his marriage, his wife having descended from an elder son of Edward the third, he conceived himself better entitled to the throne, than the

present Henry the fifth. In this, as in all factions, he found many who coincided in opinion with him, or who appeared so to do, in the expectation of future honours, should any change take place. Amongst the principal of those, who encouraged the duke of Cambridge's plot, were the lords Scroop and Grey, several others of high note were implicated, and Chartres, the French ambassador, eagerly fomented the design of placing the earl of Cambridge on the throne, and gave every possible assurance of assistance, and support from France, in men and money. Sanguine in hope, as the conspirators were, they yet most ardently desired that lord Cobham should join them, feeling anxiously of what great consequence his interest would be of to them. Lord Scroop observing, if they could but prevail with him, "they should indeed be absolute." The earl of Cambridge answered, that, there was every reason to suppose he would not object to join them, as he knew his life was sought by the clergy, and that the king was in displeasure with him, therefore he might be easily persuaded and won upon.

Whilst thus debating, lord Cobham, on his return from London, and his visit to the king, happened to come to the very spot where these noblemen were met to discuss their dangerous enterprise: he was much surprised, and delighted,

to see the gentlemen in Kent, and so near his own residence ; and earnestly entreated them to take his house (called Cowling) for their host, "and see what entertainment it afforded." The earl of Cambridge answered, that it was intending him a visit which had brought them there, but, that, having thus fortunately met with him, their business might be settled at the moment ; and they would defer the visit till another opportunity. Lord Cobham entreated them not to talk of any other business, but pleasure : adding, that he can furnish them with no other delicacies than a dish of venison, and a cup of wine, "and, that, they must help to strike the deer themselves, that filled the dish." They unanimously answered, that such was their most anxious desire, that they came to propose a noble chase : Lord Cambridge adding, (when Cobham said, they should take their choice amongst his deer.)

"Nay, but the stag which we desire to strike,
Lives not in Cowling : if you will consent,
And go with us, we'll bring you to a forest,
Where runs a lusty herd, among the which
There is a stag superior to the rest ;
A stately beast, that when his fellows run,
He leads the race, and beats the sullen earth
(As tho' he scorn'd it) with his trampling hoofs ;

Aloft he bears his head, and with his breast
Like a huge bulwark, counter-checks the wind.
And when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth
His proud ambitious neck, as if he meant
To wound the firmament with forked horns."

Lord Cobham, admiring from description this noble deer, answered " 'Tis a pity, such a goodly beast should die," Cambridge replies—

" Not so sir John, for he is tyrannous,
And gores the other deer, and will not keep
Within the limits are appointed him.
Of late he's broke into a several,
Which doth belong to me, and there he spoils
Both corn and pasture. Two of his wild race
Already are removed, if he were dead,
I should not only be secure from hurt,
But with his body make a royal feast."

Cobham, on this, says he has no further objection, and begs to know the time and place, upon which they draw forth a written paper, which they gave him to peruse, containing the plan of their combination. Lord Cobham was horror struck at this dreadful proof of their wickedness, and said—

" Call ye this hunting, my lords ? To this the stag,

You fain would chase. Harry our dread king ?
So may we make a banquet for the devil,
And in the stead of wholesome meat, prepare
A dish of poison to confound ourselves."

However, the lords continue to urge him very strenuously to join them, stating the earl's claims, and every possible inducement they could devise ; when concealing his real sentiments, he at last appears to give into the plan, upon which, being made acquainted with every particular concerning their intended measures, he says, he can scarcely yet believe they are in earnest, and that they only intend to try his loyalty. Upon this, each offer to swear to the truth, in the most solemn manner. But this he declines, saying—

"Nay you are noblemen, and I imagine,
As you are honourable, by birth and blood,
So you will be in heart, in thought and word.
I crave no other testimony but this,
That you will all subscribe, and set your hands
Unto this writing which you gave to me."

This they all most readily consent to do, and having thus got all their signatures, and the business apparently settled between them : he again entreats them to come and partake of his

hospitality, but they decline it, on the plea of having so many other friends, whom they are anxious to obtain, and whom they must immediately visit. And the moment they are gone, he breaks out into exclamations against them, calling them base conspirators, and expresses his astonishment, "how they could look his highness in the face, whom they so closely study to betray." And he resolved to set off immediately, with the paper for London, to acquaint the king of his danger, staying no longer in his own house, then to inform lord Powis of the pardon he had obtained. And without giving the least intimation to lady Cobham, of the business, (who was most importunate to know the reason of his so sudden return to London) he set out to give the important warning, he was in possession of, to the king and to shew him this convincing document of treachery.

In the mean time, the conspiracy headed by sir Roger Acton and his associates, (like all such ill-advised efforts) had failed, being discovered and prematurely defeated, and the ringleaders taken prisoners. And, when, according to the king's order brought before him, and asked by him, whom they expected as a head and governor, they unanimously said, Lord Cobham; and when he further questioned them concerning lord Cobham, they answered, that, they fully

expected him to join them, from a letter received from Kent, which so promised.

The bishop of Rochester, Cobham's mortal enemy, was present during this examination, and was happy to take advantage of it, to Cobham's ruin, for he inflamed the king's mind so much against him, that at last (though reluctantly) he gave him permission, to do what he pleased, and to attach, imprison, or condemn him for his heresies. Delighted beyond expression by the unlimited power granted him, the malicious bishop set out on his diabolical expedition; leaving the king deeply ruminating on the distressing certainty he now had of Oldcastle's disloyalty and perfidy, and thus expressing the sensations it excited.

“ I think the Iron age, begins but now,
Which learned poets, have so often taught;
Wherein there is no credit to be given
To either words, or looks, or solemn oaths,
For if there were, how often hath he sworn,
How gently tun'd the music of his tongue,
And with what amiable face beheld me.
When all, God knows was but hypocrisy.”

In the midst of this soliloque, Cobham entered the apartment; when the king astonished at the intrusion, instantly accused him of trea-

son, ingratitude, and every possible crime. The amazed, and bewildered lord, entreated an explanation of this unexpected accusation; when Henry turning to the rebel prisoners, desired Cobham to look upon those men, and then to deny his treason if he could. Cobham, (to whom they were all strangers) demanded, that not only one, but every one should openly declare, whether or no, they had ever before seen him, or whether he had been in any way, aiding, or abetting in this rebellion?

Morley of Dunstable declared that he never in his life beheld him, until that moment, and that all he knew was, that it was reported he would join them. This account was corroborated by sir Roger Acton himself, and all the rest; by which means, the king was convinced of his innocence, and that he had been falsely accused. And as a further proof of his loyalty and attachment, the moment they were alone, Cobham presented for his perusal, the written testimony of disaffection, and sedition, of the confederate nobles. Great was the consternation and grief of the king, on this occasion, and he exclaimed.

“ Oh never heard of base ingratitude !
Even those I hug within my bosom most,
Are readiest evermore, to sting my heart.”

During these proceedings at court, the cruel bishop had arrived at Cowling, and had began to exercise his authority in lord Cobham's castle, with all the severity which might be expected, or that was possible. He was greatly disappointed at not finding his victim there, and threatened lady Cobham with the torture, if she did not reveal where her husband was concealed, he not believing her report, that he was in London. But to revenge himself, he siezed on every thing he found, not suffering the afflicted lady to take with her, from her house, even a change of apparel.—Whilst this is going on, lord Cobham perfectly unconscious of what had taken place in his absence, returned to his beloved family and home, and at first, cannot understand the meaning of the bishop's proceedings, having so lately left the king in such great friendship. Enquiring however more fully into the business, he finds that the bishop's warrant against him, bears an antedate, to a pardon since procured by him. And begs, in consequence, that they may all go before the king together, but the bishop informs him, that the king is already on his way to France, that he is not bound to do kind offices to an heretic, and that if an angel were to speak, it would have no influence with him, for that he should first go to the Tower, and then to the stake.

On hearing this sentence, lady Cobham was overpowered with affliction; but her lord entreats her, to bear her lot with fortitude, to come to her sister in London, to be near him in the Tower, and to put reliance on God, for his assistance in this extremity. Lord Cobham was then conveyed to the Tower; with permission, from the bishop, that the faithful Harpool might attend him there. The vigilant bishop, however, determined that lord Cobham should not have much rest in his confinement, for that he would constantly visit him there, and torment him with arguments, and threats of severe punishments for his religious opinions. To this end he came attended by several of his men, whom he ordered to wait in the porter's lodge, till his return. He then shewed the lieutenant of the Tower, an order from the council for him to confer with the prisoner, and consequently, he was admitted immediately into the apartment of lord Cobham.

The moment Harpool saw the bishop approaching, he suggested to his master, that if all were well managed, there now offered an opportunity for escape; lord Cobham hastily answered, how? And Harpool had just time to answer, by exchanging clothes with the bishop: before that haughty and unrelenting prelate entered the room. And scarcely was the door

closed before Harpool, assisted by his master, compelled him to change garments, and this scheme was so dexterously arranged, that when Harpool ceremoniously conducted his master forth, arrayed as the bishop to the lobby where his servants waited, all the way earnestly entreating his compassion for his dear master; the counterfit passed; and lord Cobham was out of the Tower, and far distant before the deception was discovered. Harpool, (on whom there was no restraint) having followed his master as soon as he could, free from suspicion.

Lord Cobham betook himself to where his lady resided with her sister: where both disguising themselves in mean habits, they set out with the intention of travelling into Wales,* and to remain with lord Powis till the return of the king from his wars in France, should restore them to their usual state. Whilst travelling on foot, to effect this purpose, and to avoid observation, they retired into a field at a little distance from the road, for refreshment and rest; and whilst sitting there, partaking of the

* Many incidents are introduced into this play, amongst low characters, not destitute of wit or interest to the piece, but the language and events are such, as may well be dispensed with without injury to the story; they are wholly omitted.

homely repast they had been enabled to bring with them, they endeavoured to console each other, under their misfortunes, by these moral observations. Lord Cobham having said to his lady, that whatever he might suffer on his own account, he could bear with patience, but it was for her alone he felt.

“ And were it not for thee, say froward time
Imposed a great task ; I would esteem it,
As lightly as the wind, that blows upon us ;
But in thy sufferance, I am doubly tasked ;
Thou wast not wont, to have the earth thy stool,
Nor the moist dewy grass thy pillow, nor
Thy chamber to be the wide horizon.”

To which she replied—

“ How can it seem a trouble, having you
A partner with me, in the worst I feel?—
No gentle lord, your presence would give ease
To death itself, should he now sieze upon me.”

She then brings forward such refreshments as were provided, saying, that though plain, hunger will make it sweet—to which lord Cobham returns the following beautiful speech—

“ Praise be to him, whose plenty sends forth this,

And all things else, our mortal bodies need ;
Nor scorn we this poor feeding, nor the state
We now are in, for what is it on the earth,
Nay under heaven, continues at a stay ?
Ebbs not the sea, when it hath overflown ?
Follows not darkness, when the day is gone ?
And see we not sometimes, the eye of heaven
Dim'd with o'er flying clouds ? there's not that
work
Of careful nature, or of cunning art
How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin."

After their slight repast, and some further conversation, they both fall asleep overcome by fatigue and anxiety.

It so happened that, the night before, a murder had been committed in the neighbourhood where lord and lady Cobham now were concealed, and strict search was making after the murderer. Amongst other places, the field in which these fugitives were taking their repose, was examined, and soon the unfortunate couple were discovered, and unknown in their disguise, were suspected from their evident desire to escape—they were secured and brought before a magistrate, and there, they were kept in confinement till the affair could be thoroughly investigated.

It occurred, by mere accident, that lord and lady Powis, on their return home to Wales, had stopped at the house of this magistrate who was an old friend for a few days on a visit, and understanding that the criminals were taken, who had committed the atrocious murder, of the preceding night, expressed a desire to be present at the examination about to take place, and accordingly they were commodiously seated for that purpose.

But what was the astonishment, and dismay, of this noble couple, when they saw brought forward under this horrid accusation, the noble lord Cobham, and his amiable lady, whom they instantly knew, notwithstanding their disguise.

Before, however, any degrading questions were asked the supposed culprits; the real murderer was found, who proved to be a servant belonging to the unfortunate victim. And he was declared guilty of the crime, not only from property found upon him; but from his own full confession, and the noble wanderers preserved innocent and free.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the noble personages, assembled in the house of the good magistrate, at this happy and unexpected meeting. And when lord Powis was made fully acquainted with the situation of his friends, and the reason of their disguise, he persuaded them

to pursue their plan, and go with him into Wales, where they may safely remain, free from that malice which will never cease but with his life, which he expresses in these words.—

“ But Powis yet must stay,
Yet there remains a part of that true love
He owes his noble friend, unsatisfied,
And unperformed, which first of all doth bind me
To gratulate your lordships safe delivery ;
And then entreat, that since unlook'd for thus
We here have met, your honour would vouchsafe
To ride with me to Wales ; where through my
power

Though not to quittance those great benefits
I have received of you, yet both my house,
My purse, my servants, and what else I have,
Are all at your command. Deny me not,
I know the bishop's hate pursues you,
As there's no safety, in abiding here.”

This friendly invitation, lord and lady Cobham most gladly, and readily accepted ; and the piece concludes with their all departing happily together.

FINIS.

